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PARIS DURING THE STATE OF SIEGE.

I ARRIVED in Paris on the last day of the insurrection, a few hours only after the cannonading had ceased against the insurgents in the Père la Chaise. The city was in a strict state of siege; no one could enter at the ordinary barriers. The gates were closed, and guarded with troops, and at every station, for the distance of fifty miles, there was a small body of military, to protect the trains. At the railway station where we descended, everything wore the aspect of our having entered upon a new Reign of Terror. Two omnibuses only from particular hotels were admitted, and when these had departed, as they did in the utmost haste, with the few passengers who thought proper to make use of them, no means of conveyance appeared to be left. I was detained till some time after by my luggage having been mislaid, and was assured that if I attempted to walk I should be immediately arrested on issuing into the streets, it being half-past ten o'clock, and every person without a *laissez passer* being compelled to be within doors at nine. At length, through the diligence of one of the railway porters, a cab was found, and hoisting my luggage on the box, we started. Never did Paris present an aspect so singular. We passed by the Clos St. Lazare, where comparatively a few hours before the thunder of artillery had resounded through the streets. It was now still as death; not a vehicle of any kind was heard in any direction save the one in which I rode. Not a soul was abroad save the soldiers posted at the corners of the streets, who every two or three minutes cried out, "*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous;*" and were answered by those of the next station. All the windows were illuminated, not as a sign of rejoicing, but that the National Guard might feel assured no persons were lurking in them, to fire at them in the dark. The aspect of those silent streets, with every house lighted up through its six or seven stories to the summit, was very extraordinary and impressive. I had never previously seen anything like it. Though associated with sadness it was extremely beautiful, and the sense of danger only tended to enhance the excitement and pleasure of the moment. Once as we moved along the cab was stopped, and a soldier approaching on either side, lifted up the apron, and affected to search, but merely observing—"I suppose you have no ammunition," soon permitted us to proceed. The drive was long. We passed through street after street, and quarter after quarter, with as little obstruction as if it had been through a city of the dead, only that we were startled now and then by the repetition of the solitary cry—"*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous!*"

And this was republican Paris! On that morning, and for four days previously, the streets in many quarters had been running with blood, the barricades had been piled with dead bodies, and terror and alarm pervaded every family. But the struggle being terminated, things returned by a sort of miraculous collapse to their former position, or rather to a position of unnatural tranquillity.

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lity, such as a city in a healthy state of society never exhibits. I thought of the times of the old revolution—of Robespierre and Danton, of Hebert and St. Just, of Mirabeau, Sauterne, and Camille Desmoulins. Were their hereditary successors now in Paris? Would the guillotine be brought again into requisition? Would there be a proscription of the rich, and powerful, and illustrious? I feared no such thing. The past is never revived; and though every revolution has its excesses, and every period in the history of mankind is marked by peculiar faults, it is scarcely in the nature of things that a nation should retrograde, in order to reproduce a hideous parallel with a period whose crimes were the growth of the epoch, and rendered perfectly intelligible by their historical antecedents. Had I been at all credulous, I should have come to Paris prepared to witness inexplicable horrors. At every station where we stopped on the way, particularly at Amiens, we were assailed by the most fearful reports, some maintaining that one whole quarter of the city had been blown up, that the insurgents had been beaten forth into the country, and were spreading massacre and devastation on all sides; that whole bodies of them had planted themselves along the line of the railway, with musketry and artillery, to shatter the trains, and massacre the passengers who might attempt to proceed. Of course there was no putting faith in such rumours. Then we were told of professional poisoners, who traversed the streets selling death to all who would purchase; that soldiers had been poisoned like rats at their post; and then, as if all things could be believed at the same time, it was affirmed that no persons but the military could appear in the streets, or even show their faces at the windows. These horrible tales were chiefly circulated by the partisans of Louis Philippe, who desired to disgust France with the Republic. I very soon found that I had to do with two classes of persons—the one whose God was in their breeches' pocket, who thought of nothing but rents and railways; the other, who loved liberty for its own sake, and were content to be comparatively poor, so they might be free. The former sighed to see the monarchy back again; the latter were ready to take the Republic for better or worse, and to abide by her in all weathers.

There are few things more exciting than coming to a great city when in a state of siege, when the barricades are still up, when the insurgents are still uncaptured, when the public places are filled with military, when cannon is planted before palace and National Assembly, and when you every moment expect to hear the sound of the tocsin and the *generale*, and the commencement of a new conflict. Here and there, as in the Place du Carrousel, the public places were stained with pools of blood, which were sought to be concealed by sand; prisoners were constantly hurried along the streets, under a strong guard; cavalry was dashing up and down, and the rumbling of gun-carriages smote upon the ear at intervals. At first we were not permitted to enter those quarters of the city where the struggle had been hottest, the public authorities being then engaged in searching for arms, and removing the obstructions to circulation occasioned by the enormous barricades. It was, moreover, not known whether the houses that had been shattered by cannon might not tumble into the streets, and whether small bodies of insurgents might not be lying in wait to fire upon those who presented themselves. But the Parisians are a people of flexible mind and character, and exceedingly polite to strangers. By dint of a little civil perseverance, and a few flattering expressions, I induced the National Guard in several instances to transgress their duty, and permit me to pass where I was not allowed by the orders of the Government. I wished particularly to approach the Palace of the National Assembly, which was guarded by a formidable array of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; but, at the corner of a certain street, was stopped with the words, “*on ne passe pas.*” I said I was sorry for that, as I had just arrived from the Departments, and was very anxious to witness the appearance of the National Assembly on the next morning after the insurrection. Besides, I said I lived in the neighbourhood of the Place de la Revolution, and that to reach my lodgings by any other way I should have to make an enormous round. I therefore repeated that I was

extremely sorry that I could not be suffered to proceed. The officer of the National Guard on duty said he was very sorry too, but that he could not transgress his orders. To this I replied, that I could not possibly doubt his disposition to be obliging, as I had never met with anything but politeness from the people of Paris. He replied that he was not a Parisian, but that he did not experience the less inclination to be civil on that account. He then asked me if I came from the southern department. I said "No." Then I must have come from *outremer*? I replied in the affirmative. "Monsieur," said he, "pass on;" and I marched along the quays, where none but the military and a few persons going to the National Assembly were allowed to walk. Two or three other posts stopped me again, but, on my saying I had obtained permission from the former, no obstruction was offered. This fact I mention to show that civil words go a great way in Paris, though not of course invariably. Occasionally at night you meet a surly sentinel, who gruffly orders you off the pavement, and threatens to shoot you if you do not attend to him. The other evening, coming home from a party with a friend, and being very busily engaged in conversation, I paid no attention to the cry, "*au large*," which the soldier on duty would appear to have vociferated two or three times, and was only awakened to the sense of the impropriety of our conduct by observing a glittering bayonet at our breasts, while the sound of the cocking of the piece succeeded to the cry of "keep out." Our attention having been thus called to the necessity of obedience, we immediately stepped out into the road, and left the fellow grumbling and muttering as long as we were within hearing. This, however, very seldom occurs. The men on duty at the several posts desire you late at night to keep off the pavement, but in a very unobjectionable manner, and as if they regretted to give you the trouble.

As soon as we were permitted to visit the insurrectionary quarters we hastened to examine them all in succession, commencing with the neighbourhood of the Pantheon. An English journal, in speaking on this subject, has talked of the "ruins of Paris." The expression is absurd; for although much mischief was done during the four days, though the pavements were taken up, the windows in hundreds of houses smashed from top to bottom, and holes in various places made by cannon through the walls, no part of the city, properly speaking, has been ruined. You behold the marks of the cannon balls on the pillars, steps, and doors of the Pantheon, and numerous houses which have been literally riddled by musketry; but the wonder always is, how, after so sanguinary and protracted a struggle, so few traces should be left. The barricades rise as if by magic, and when they have performed their office, subside again with a no less marvellous rapidity. It is almost as if the stones of the pavement found their places themselves in both instances. The second day after the insurrection several streets were repaired, in which there had been twenty barricades, while men were employed in repairing the frames of windows, painting the fronts of houses, and obliterating, as speedily as possible, the marks of the civil war. The system of the insurrection was immense. Its organisation occupied several of the largest quarters of Paris, extended across the river, and included several of the most remarkable public buildings. Even the Hotel de Ville itself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the insurgents. It is thought to have been doubtful at one time whether the whole city would not fall into the hands of the insurgents, in which case General Cavaignac intended to collect the French army round Paris and bombard the city, till it should surrender or be reduced to ashes. This idea going abroad, whether it was ever entertained or not, may have produced some effect on the leaders of the insurrection, though much less than might have been expected, because of the state of intense excitement in which they then were. Even the peaceable portion of the inhabitants were treated as suspected persons, it being well known that, even without sympathising with the cause of those behind the barricades, many people have been induced to take up arms and join them for the mere love of strife. And no one who has not stood on the brink, as it were, of an insurrection, who has not breathed the atmosphere of revolt, who has not moved among barricades, and

joined in the conversation of a city in a state of siege, can tell how easily a man may be betrayed into an act of this kind, severely condemned by his reason and contrary to his principles, but fascinating, from some inexplicable connection between pleasure and danger, and the propensity general in human nature to join with a multitude, whether to do good or evil.

They who are interested in creating an impression unfavourable to the Republic have laboured to cause it to be believed throughout Europe that ever since the Revolution of February it is dangerous to display property in Paris, to ride in a carriage, to keep numbers of servants, to use plate, or for jewellers and silversmiths to make a show of the precious metals in their windows. This is utterly false. I have stood in the avenues of the Champs Elysées and counted fourteen splendid equipages in sight at one moment, while crowds of gaily-dressed people thronged the walks. This was not the case for the first two or three days after the insurrection, because people, as was natural, remained for the most part in their houses, either through fear of another outbreak or because they were oppressed with horror for the loss of friends. Afterwards, when the crowd began to re-appear on the Boulevards, on the Place de la Revolution, and in the Champs Elysées, the numbers of persons in mourning was startling; now, at length, they are lost in the multitudes of others who issue forth as gay as butterflies and throng all the avenues leading to places of amusement. The Tuilleries Gardens are once more thrown open and filled with ladies, the dancing gardens, the open-air concerts, the Cirque, the Hippodrome, the Giunguettes, and every other place to which the lower classes of Paris resort in search of pleasure are frequented as if the Republic had given a fresh impulse to the passion for amusement. In a few days all the theatres will be open, when Paris will present as gay an aspect as before the Revolution and with a much fuller and complete sense of enjoyment. The people of other countries may wonder that in the midst of financial difficulties the National Assembly should devote considerable sums of money to the support of the theatres; but when the subject is closely considered the wonder ceases. That the people of Paris love the drama is a fact which we may account for how we please. We cannot deny that it is a fact, nor would it be possible for any legislature, whether republican or otherwise, to eradicate or even to weaken the propensity. It only remains, therefore, to deal with it as with a thing we know to exist, and as it is for the interest of the Government that all classes of the people shall be kept in good humour, it is highly politic to make the grant to the theatres that they have been accustomed to receive, or even to augment it. Victor Hugo undertook the other day to impress this truth upon the National Assembly, but did it in a style the most vapid and common-place that can well be conceived, and one of the journals, in writing of his speech, says he was as full of words and as empty of matter as usual. He had a good topic, but could make nothing of it. His mind appears to be worn out, or to be paralysed by vanity. Another speaker, who treated the same topic, M. Felix Pyat, a man infinitely less known to fame, spoke to the hearts and sympathies of the whole Assembly, and sent conviction with all his words. He showed that the theatres of Paris are not designed, as some speakers appear to imagine, for the amusement of the capital alone, but for the illustration of all France. He dwelt on the indisputable fact that the French drama is at this moment the drama of all Europe; that it influences the whole civilised world; and that its corps of dramatic writers, amounting according to his calculation to five hundred men, furnish ideas to hundreds of imitators in England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Belgium. Nor is this all: upwards of ten thousand families depend directly for subsistence on the theatres of Paris, which, as he truly observed, may be rendered what they have not hitherto been, schools of patriotism and morality. We know that the republics of antiquity made a political use of the stage, but it may be greatly doubted whether in ancient or modern times it has been ever much more than an amusing institution. The best footing on which to place the question is the true one, namely, that mankind must have amusement, and that the theatre can supply it as harmlessly as any other institution whatsoever.

Further than this I think we ought not to go, because, although dramatic writers may occasionally give utterance to valuable truths, and illustrate morality by example or otherwise, it is not to the theatre that we are to go for our ethics. If it be amusing it enables us to forget the sad realities of life, at least for a season, and if it enables us to return to the performance of our duties with mind refreshed and strengthened by relaxation, it may so far be sure to produce a moral effect; and this is enough for its defence. But M. Victor Hugo and others would fain discover in the stage the means of preventing *émeutes* and insurrections. I believe the theatres were open in February and in June; at any rate the endeavour to regard the stage merely from a political point of view is absurd, though a political use may occasionally be made of it, especially if the great majority of dramatic writers happen to adopt the same principles; they may then strengthen the institutions of the country by diffusing a halo around them and endearing them to the imaginations of the people, though they can only effect the above when the institutions are in themselves good, and more or less agreeable to the nation.

I have said above, it is not correct to pretend that people are afraid to exhibit their wealth in Paris, as if the crowds in the streets were composed of *fugats*, ever ready to make a dash at the wealth of their neighbours. On the contrary, the silversmiths' windows are one blaze of plate, and the magnificent shawls and dresses which court the eye on every side show that, in the opinion of the *bourgeoisie*, the taste for grandeur is not yet extinct in France. At the same time, there no doubt exists in many a certain degree of hostility towards the rich in general, insomuch that they suspect the inhabitants of whole quarters to hold heterodox opinions in politics. Returning late one night from a *réunion* in the Quartier St. Germain, we encountered a drunken workman, in the almost solitary street, who exclaimed, "Ah! voilà des sacrés Carlists!" Then, observing two young women who were waiting for admission at the door of a house, he added, "I warrant they're not Carlists." In fact, the inhabitants of that quarter, in very many cases, are partisans of Henry V. or of Louis Philippe, though they affect just now to be good Republicans, and are particularly democratic in their habits and manners. It is rare in society to meet with persons who will openly acknowledge their attachment to any dynasty; they admit they were not Republicans before the Revolution of February, but say they have honestly accepted the Republic now, and will be faithful to it as long as it continues the government of the country. They are what are called *les Républicains du lendemain*, in opposition to *les Républicains de la veille*. As a rule, however, I would not trust to their attachment or their principles, and it may be regarded as a sign of reaction if any of them get into power. Some few are said to be already there, though great stress cannot be laid on the accusations of political rivals.

In the midst of such a state of things, it is an undertaking of much difficulty to form a correct theory of public opinion, which, properly speaking, is the expression of the national will at any given period. No man can closely observe all sections of society; he must always take much for granted, always depend more or less upon reports, coloured partly by the prejudices of the relator, partly by his own. A person who should move exclusively in the circle of the Quartier St. Germain, would perhaps believe that the Republic is the government of the *canaille*, organised for the purpose of enabling the lower orders to give vent to their hatred of the rich and noble. Among the shopkeepers the Republic is looked upon as a military government, well enough for statesmen and ambitious soldiers, but inimical to trade; while the operatives and working classes generally regard it as their only asylum against misfortune, the only existing pledge that they shall not be famished in the worst of all possible worlds, according to the conception of M. Fourier. But among each and all of these classes, opinion by no means assumes a permanent form; for at times the aristocrats are reconciled to the Republic, when they discover any indication that rank will be allowed to exert its influence; the same thing happens among the

bourgeoisie, where extraordinary respect is paid to property ; and the working classes, on the other hand, are seized by paroxysms of disgust when the suspicion crosses their minds that, after all, the Republic may not better their condition.

Still, through all this Babel of conflicting notions, I think I perceive a tendency in all quarters to a reconciliation with the Republic. In point of fact, a nation cannot long remain in a provisional state ; and to people who have any speculation in them stagnation must soon be felt to be odious. The rich are beginning to spend as before, the capitalists to speculate, and bankers to issue and discount bills. The improvement takes place slowly, but it really takes place, though rumours are constantly circulated of party divisions in the National Assembly, of the breaking up and reconstruction of parties, of the fluctuations of clubs, and a thousand other things which must influence more or less the condition of the country. To predict with positiveness, therefore, either the perpetuity or the destruction of the Republic would be ridiculous. It is much to maintain that it may last; on taking into consideration all the elements which should go to the making up of an opinion on such a matter, I am disposed to believe that it will. If it should fail, the most hostile of its enemies are scarcely prepared to say what is to succeed it. Of course they wish for the restoration of the monarchy; but what monarchy ? Who will be King ? Who will base his throne upon the barricades ? Who will reconcile the martial inhabitants of this city to the sleepy, stupid, degraded existence they led under Louis Philippe, and must lead again under any form of monarchy that could be proposed to them ? They look across the Channel, to Great Britain, and say, "Your constitution is excellent, but it is not suited to us. We have outlived the instincts of constitutionalism. We hate kings, and are determined to have a government in which the people have really a voice, and may be said to manage their own affairs. We must go forward, therefore; and the only thing before us is the Republic."

A SONG FOR ALL SEASONS.

LET us drink to *the Past* ! There are thoughts that will float
Unwrecked down the current of life's wayward stream ;
There are eyes on whose brightness our own loved to dote,
That still through the mists of old memories gleam :
And shall these be forgotten ? Oh, no ! In each glass
We'll reflect them in beads bubbling up to the brink,
And these for the pearls of the ancients shall pass,
A treasure to hallow the cup that we drink.

Let us drink to *the Present* ! Whilst bliss crowns the hours
'Tis folly to grieve for the joys that are gone ;
The wise among mortals will gather the flowers
That else would but scatter their odours alone :
And shall these be forgotten ? Oh, no ! Like the orb,
That as it sinks from us each shadow extends,
We'll twine a fresh wreath, and our toast shall absorb
The Past in the Present—" Old loves and new friends."

Let us drink to *the Future* before us, and mark
How the tide of the present rolls on to the past ;
But with Faith for our pilot, and Hope for our bark,
Never fear we shall find a good haven at last :
And shall *this* be forgotten ? No, never ! We'll still
Blend the past with the present in friendship and love,
And whilst slowly toiling through life up the hill,
Keep our gaze on the sunshine that sparkles above.

E. L. B.

MEETINGS AND GREETINGS.

By E. L. BLANCHARD.

PERHAPS in the whole range of philological peculiarities there is nothing more characteristic of a country than its national salutation. How suggestive of a people curiously critical in deportment is the French "*How do you carry yourself?*" How remarkably appropriate to a warm climate the Egyptian "*How do you perspire?*" And how happily symbolical of the Englishman's love of business and money-making is the ordinary inquiry of "*How do you do?*" The latter is especially an interrogation that appeals like a voice from the breeches' pocket to the heart of a Briton. It conveys with it a delicate inquiry into the health of the purse, an affectionate demonstration of anxiety for the well-being of the personal exchequer. It is tantamount to asking you confidentially the precise sum you contributed last year to Government on account of the income-tax. "*How do you do?*" That is, how do you get on?—how do you thrive?—how much are you worth now? To reply direct would involve a confession of the exact amount of your finances, and a full communication of the sources whence they were derived. You would be compelled to explain how you "did" by reference, not to the pulse and the physician, but to the day-book and the ledger; not by having recourse to stethoscopic auscultation, but by testing the musical chink of the coins that indicate plethora in the pocket. It is thus equally fortunate for the equanimity of our countrymen that a constant repetition of the idiom has deadened the full force of its original signification, and that custom has long ago sanctioned the convenient evasion of "*Pretty well,*" in reply.

There are many, doubtless, conscious of this awkward interpretation of their friendly greeting, who soften the former prolonged query into the more brief and bluff "*How are you?*" This must instantly call to mind the tone and gesture that were once united with the utterance of those three words by the jocund Joe Grimaldi of mirthful memory. Who can ever forget the roguish eyes, the rolling arms, the crisp, short chuckle, that accompanied his well-known cry of Christmas recognition, as bursting from the grub state of pantomime preludes into the chrysalis *clown*, he tumbled forth before the delighted eyes of thousands, and gave them collectively, a ringing, rattling salutation of "*How are you?*" It is impossible to describe the peculiar tones with which he contrived to embellish those monosyllables. How what began in a sonorous note ended in a squeak, and how the squeak died away amid roars of laughter that seemed like echoes of the sound again, and how the voice afterwards appeared to rise, corkscrew fashion, twisting the tones out of his mouth with a fine mellow cadence at the end of them, until the whole audience felt the effect irresistible, and laughed out of very helplessness. Never since have we heard this greeting without associating it with a recollection of clowns, ancient and modern, and involuntarily anticipating the addenda of the usual pantomimic truism of "*Here we are!*"

It must be admitted that a vast field for improvement is open with regard to our conventional colloquies, and we have certainly departed from the Saxon simplicity of our ancestors without making the change in our salutations more pithy or more to the purpose. A glance at the habits of those uncivilised gentry whose peculiarities in this respect have been recorded by travellers, will furnish us with probably the first idea of salutation in its early stages, and of the mode of recognition adopted in the early ages of the world.

The unsophisticated islanders near the Philippines when they meet an acquaintance, or one whom they wish to claim as such, seize his hand or foot and

with it gently rub their face; the latter process having a manifest tendency to disturb the centre of gravity. Dampier tells us that at New Guinea they are satisfied with placing on their heads the leaves of trees, which are in their social meetings the symbols of friendship and peace. They do the same on departing, so that the phrase of "taking leaves" has here really a literal signification. Immense practice must be required to enable a man to be properly polite in the southern Pacific. Hoatman informs us that the inhabitants of one island there made him perform a singular gymnastic feat when he arrived, for "they raised his left foot, which they passed gently over the right leg, and thence over his face." None but an acrobat, or a flexible follower of the Risley fraternity, could ever hope to attain much success in this way. The aborigines of the South Sea Islands make a kind of Chinese puzzle of themselves on these occasions, for they are described as "placing their hands on their cheeks, bending their bodies nearly to the ground, and then elevating their right leg high into the air." An Ethiopian—one of the original serenaders—has an odd way of showing his friendship, for he takes the robe of the other and ties it about his own waist, leaving his friend in a primitive condition of undress, and only competent to figure in a Walhalla *tableau*. When two negro monarchs visit they salute by snapping thrice the middle finger. If a Chinese is asked "how he finds himself in health," he replies, in the real hyperbolical *patois* of Pekin, "Prodigiously salubrious; I am indebted to your abundant felicity;" and other such high-flown responses are dictated by the laws of mandarin etiquette. The moderns and the more refined among nations have agreed to let the right hand be the outward sign of their good-will towards each other, but, from the instances above given, it is palpable that in the savage state a more extravagant gesture was required to express the pleasure of an encounter with a friend. Probably, therefore, in the days of our forefathers, the primitive patriarchs resorted to the same process, and a strange variety of pantomimical contortions were deemed necessary prior to the ingenious discovery—made, doubtless, by a nervous old anchorite—that hands were really meant to shake.

And this brings us back to a curious problem that, indeed, originated the foregoing reflections:—Are we reverting to the earliest usages of society in the excessive wildness of our present greetings? Erudite critics are daily impressing us with a belief in Solomon's axiom, that beneath the sun there is nothing new, and teaching us to look with hesitation on the recent triumphs of chemical skill and mechanical combinations. We learn constantly that our inventions, like our coals, have all been carefully prepared for us in remote ages; and that we, in fact, find out what has been only hidden. Steam, electricity, and gunpowder are thus alleged to have been mere playthings with the ancients, who regarded them with precisely that kind of familiarity that bred contempt; and the mysteries of galvanism and mesmerism are roundly spoken of as well known to the priests who were wont to work the oracle in the golden days of Delphi. In the modern meeting between two acquaintances of Metropolitan growth, we can thus trace a striking similitude to the vehement gestures adopted by these early settlers on our mundane territory. The process of recognition is generally commenced by the person about to be recognised receiving a smart concussion, imparted by the left hand of the one on the right shoulder of the other; the digits are then extended and closed around the proffered hand of the startled one, and a vibratory movement next succeeds which might induce a bystander to believe that they had both seen the phantom of a pump and were working simultaneously at the ghost of its handle. Some superadded congratulations are exchanged, either by poking at the ribs with a stick or digging the forefinger into the opposite waistcoat, and then the ceremony of "How d'ye do?" is pronounced complete, and the acquaintances are at liberty to commence a discussion on the reigning topics of the day.

Such is the slight outline of a conventional greeting, which, though of constant occurrence in our thoroughfares, does not, it must be admitted, vary considerably from the preliminaries gone through by the eccentric islanders before

mentioned, and we have in consequence another proof of the prevailing tendency to restore the customs of antiquity.

Physiognomists have often alleged that the facial frontispiece of a man formed a title-page to his character, and that the nasal organ—the centre thereof—was a natural index to his craniological table of contents. Now, to take a man by his nose, even in a metaphysical, and not a literal sense, is manifestly an act of injustice to the individual, and can hardly be laid hold of as a pretext for discovering his disposition. To our thinking, there is a better system of mental divination, to be equally well relied upon, depending on the various modes of shaking hands. In the truest acceptation of the phrase, you have the very evidence of your companion's sincerity at your fingers' ends.

From the impetuous grasp that positively wrenches your wrist and keeps your hand locked in a vice during the entire period of conversation, to the timid squeeze that hardly makes itself felt, and leaves a cold sensation behind as if a frog had taken refuge in your palm, we have a wide variety of manipulations. There is something very suspicious about the enthusiastic grip of a gentleman, whose face we have hardly become capable of recognising, and the action seems palpably exaggerated, to make up for the sincerity of the impulse. You are completely taken by storm at receiving such a fierce attack of friendly fervour, and have a slight misgiving that the next time your hand is presented, there will be a pen thrust between the fingers and the back of a bill beneath them. The orthodox method of shaking hands is to describe a few rapid movements with the wrist perpendicularly and let the direction be alternately towards the zenith and the nadir, but there are some dreadful beings, who have a horrible knack of shaking hands horizontally, and keeping up a painful oscillation from east to west. The latter are decidedly men of dangerous minds, and we should not much like to sleep in the next room to them, with our bed-room door unlocked.

The next thing to be remembered in our daily walks through life is the precaution to avoid those, who even among their most intimate acquaintances never shake hands at all. We look with considerable distrust on the amicable professions of these gentry, and are by no means disposed to accept a florid flourish of the hand as a compromise. Sampson Swagger may serve for an apt illustration of those who refrain from this customary observance. He sees you at a distance, his face bursts into an illumination of smiles, you withdraw your glove, and extend your hand in readiness,—he approaches, nods patronisingly, stops, taps your shoulder with the gilt top of his stick, and his own boot with the ferule afterwards, drawls out probably, "Ah ! ha ! old fel-lar!" and passes on. You slide your hand back again into your glove, and quicken your pace onwards in the opposite direction, determined never to be again misled in a like manner; but so deceptive is the illusion that in a few days you are entrapped as before, and again become a martyr to the anticipation of politeness. Like the rest of those who thus abstain from administering the social pledge; Sampson Swagger is somewhat lax in his morality, and whilst his own mission he believes to be of the passive verb kind, which impels him "to be" and "to do," he leaves others in a calm and contented spirit "to suffer."

There are some, however, it must be added, who, in hesitating to clasp the proffered hand, are actuated only by a deferential feeling of awe, and who, by a species of natural timidity, busy their fingers about the hat or coat to avoid the appearance of thrusting them into notice. Those who have hitherto failed in reaching a certain grade in the social circle, or who, by misfortune, have fallen any degree below it, are much given to this nervous restlessness during a chance meeting with an old associate, and, especially if the latter be the case, there is, in most instances, an awkward attempt at cheerfulness and familiarity on both sides, Poor Peter Parkins, who never met anybody he knew but he waylaid him by the button-hole, and told him, confidentially, the "peck of troubles" by which he was surrounded, had a wonderful knack of still claiming your friendship without rendering his intimacy obtrusive. Whilst others had sprung up the

steps of fortune's ladder he seemed to have been gradually dropping down through the gaps between. All the prizes at which he had aimed through life were apparently like those toys balanced upon sticks at fairs to be thrown at, and these, despite the successive chances allotted, he had either missed altogether or forfeited by their falling into a void for the benefit of the next comer. Tracing the course of that strange destiny which seems to be as ready to keep some among vicissitudes as to create greatness for others, we may exclaim with a paraphrase—some are born to troubles, others achieve troubles, and others, the most unfortunate, have troubles thrust upon them. Parkins stood in the latter predicament; everything that he did went wrong, and the more he struggled to preserve his head above water the deeper he sank beneath the social stream. His salutations, therefore, were of the quietest description; a faint “How d've do?” and a tremulous shuffling of the right hand into his coat pocket being the utmost recognition in which he allowed himself to indulge. In the great book of the world Parkins may be considered the small type of a class.

A chance meeting with an old schoolfellow, from whom a lapse of years and the ever-rolling tide of society has separated us, is one of the most pleasurable of all encounters. We mutually turn a kind of retrospective summersault and come up once more in our teens. There is generally so much to be talked over, to be inquired about, and to be sympathised with, that it becomes a difficult matter to snap the thread of conversation, and we reluctantly part with a companion who has aroused so many agreeable associations. In diametrical opposition to the delight of this must be contrasted the encounter with a furious creditor on board a steam-boat, where there is no opportunity afforded for escape. The consciousness of having to endure a pecuniary phillipic all the way and the hopelessness of evading his eye, during the period of disembarkation, must seriously militate against the enjoyment of a marine excursion. Among other meetings of a similarly embarrassing description we may briefly hint at the position of a gentleman, just emerged into the Benedict from the bachelor, and having his young bride hanging on his arm, encountering a former feminine acquaintance, with whom he has cultivated a slight flirtation, and who, in blissful ignorance of the new tie, hints about the usual assignation for the week following. These are some of the little miseries of human life that serve to make us relish more keenly its pleasures.

The old meetings in melodramas, now fast falling into oblivion, were full of interest for the spectator, and furnished an abundant source of speculation through the piece to those who evidently saw a family recognition was to come somehow, and were only puzzled as to the means by which it was to be brought about. The production of some well-known token, the sudden discovery of a scar left in childhood, or the final appearance of the old steward with a packet of long-concealed documents, all sufficed, at various times, to establish the undisputed claim to a relationship which everybody else had found out before; and then, in the familiar climax of, “Ah! is it possible? My long lost child, come to a parent's arms!” how certain we were that the virtuous lover would be made happy, too, and that the new-found heir would be entitled to the estate of the mysterious baron. Alas! for the old melodramas, they have gradually descended through the various stages of dramatic degradation, and are now hardly sanctioned by the audience of Richardson's. Peace to their hashes.

The greeting apportioned to the fairer half of humanity is of too delicate and ethereal a nature to be carelessly touched upon. A kiss bears with it a sentiment so soft and tender that even the word appears hardly substantial enough for the density of printers' ink, and requires a type and touch as gentle and fanciful as the action which it represents. The commingling of the lips, unquestionably the most graceful of all salutes, is one that bears analysing the least. It is sullied by a breath, like the gold whose purity and value it emulates; and is exactly that sort of salutation to which the hacknied phraseology of the stereotype newspaper paragraph becomes so appropriate, for it is confessedly an emotion “that can be much better felt than described.”

THE GOD OF LABOUR.

By SILVERPEN.

THOUGH in a mean dark street of the lowest quarter of Paris, the little tobacco-shop of Marie Bappon was always trim and neat, and so sweet, considering the usual odour of the neighbourhood, that *Le Mélange Piquant* or *La Reine Odorante*, or *La Pompadour*, or *La Bouquet de Fleurs*, might be reckoned as amongst the stock of snuffs, and as always contriving to send forth through open jar-lid and paper the choicest of their perfumes. But neither *Le Mélange*, nor *La Bouquet*, was amongst Marie Bappon's stock; in truth, these, or even *La Reine*, would no more have suited the unrefined noses of the neighbourhood than common mixtures the snuff-boxes of the Palais Royale; for, so far from being aristocratic or even respectable, this portion of *la Cité* was sufficiently unpopular as to be never named unless in statistics of crime, or to prove the old analogy between poverty and vice. Such being the case, it was only Marie's neatness and care, and the household labours of her little old servant, Sattice, that lent sweetness to common tobacco, and a perfume to cheroots at a sou each.

It was a very cold winter's evening, just about the hour when artizans that do not drink and smoke in the cabarets step in for their little supplies of tobacco. The small oil-lamp in the narrow window shone brightly, and showed through the eight panes of horn-like glass, not only cigars and little Dutch pipes and jars, but the sober face of Marie as it bent down towards the counter, for the shop was on the ground-floor, and only separated from the *loge de portier* on the other side by a wide passage, with the broad dirty staircase that was common to the house. In the intervals between the visits of her customers the little tobacconist eagerly resumed her perusal of cheap *feuilleton* that lay open on the counter, "La Tendresse d'une Bonne Sœur," but she laid it aside at the sight of a stranger that entered, and respectfully returned his abrupt though courteous salutation.

"It is many months since I had the honour of seeing monsieur;" and as she spoke the little tobacconist turned to a shelf behind her and from a small recess in the wall brought forth a richly-painted jar, of Majolica china, and lifting the lid set it down on the counter before him. But, though this little jar was never seen by ordinary customers, for it actually held a few ounces of snuff even more *recherché* than *La Reine*, it stood unnoticed by the stranger, who immediately said, in a strong German accent—

"I am equally glad to see you, mademoiselle, though it is to trouble you with the same old question."

Marie had to consider for a moment; but as she pushed the jar a little forward to await the stranger's hand, she exclaimed, as if suddenly recollecting, "Oh! the *athlète!* *le gladiateur!* *l'homme magnifique!* He came into the shop one—"

"I am really glad," interrupted the stranger, as he sat down beside the counter and accepted of Marie's courtesy, "for, at last giving up my fruitless search for this man, I visited the forges of Belgium, the cantons of Switzerland, and the pine forests which overlook Lombardy, in the hopes of meeting with one equal in stature and proportion, but unsuccessfully."

"I regret this, monsieur," replied Marie, with a courtesy not common to an inhabitant of *la Cité*, "but I think there is a clue to him now, though I only judge of his identity by yours and the Prefect's description. If this clue be the right one I shall surely say that it has been shown by the hand of Providence for the purpose of your being as charitable as your words are gracious. Well, monsieur, I must tell you, that just the night before the last six weeks' frost, I

was sitting in the little parlour that you see, monsieur, looks in here with its six-paned window, trimming my little Narcisse's fresh drapery, whilst *ma chère mignonnette* itself was at her singing lesson, when all at once I heard Sattice speaking to a customer in a very cross voice, just as she always does when a beggar asks for a *sou*; for, though she goes to matins twice a week and to confession every saint-day to ask charity for herself, she practises the old proverb, '*Charité bien ordonnée commence par soi-même.*' So I looked up, and saw—and was all in a tremor at the discovery, monsieur—*cet homme magnifique*, who, though nearly naked and altered by either hunger or sickness, answered yours and the Prefect's description exactly. He had asked, and Sattice had already refused him a *sou*, so before I could even tap against the window, much more open the door, he was gone. I ran into the street myself and got Monsieur Pillean, the *portier*, to call out for me with his strong voice; but to no use, for he had turned down some courtway or into some cabaret. I came back again and scolded Sattice heartily,—the only time though, monsieur, for she loves me and our *mignonnette*, and has a noble heart, in spite of her old proverbs. When all was smooth again, and the shop closed and our mess of *bouille* hot upon the table, I said to her, 'I'm sorry he went away without so much as a *sou*; for it was, I think, the man the gentleman from the Rue St. Honore was so anxious to find,—for some good purpose, I am sure, Sattice;—for monsieur has words as noble as his looks are gracious, and the Prefect himself stood uncovered in his presence. 'I'm very sorry, Sattice,' I continued, 'and we must see what we can do to find him out, in case monsieur should ever call again'; though, of course, were it a beautiful woman instead of a man I would never say a word, as it might bring about evil; for the *roué* would seek for such beauty, though it were in rags, or those sculptors who like a mistress and a model at the same time, or else to have beauty to stare at till not the shame of a blush is left. Oh, *ces hommes méchants!*'

The stranger burst into a fit of uncontrolled laughter. He finished the whole pinch of snuff and took a fresh supply. "Why, mademoiselle, have you been all this time so simple as to mistake me for a count, or a curé, or a government official? Why, I am one of these *les hommes méchants*—the very worst of them. I am Odersomme, the Danish sculptor of the Rue St. Honore."

Marie's whole manner was in a moment changed; her loquacious tongue was stayed, as if by the touch of death, and assuming a cold and forced manner that betrayed an educated knowledge of the world, very remarkable for an inhabitant of *la Cité* or the grisette of a tobacconist's shop, she only drily answered with an "Indeed!" instead of continuing what was evident she knew further respecting this man of remarkable presence and beauty.

"And what is worse," still heartily laughed the sculptor, "I want him for a model; to be looked at as God's image should be ever looked at. Ay, mademoiselle, and you'll surely understand me when I ask—for I find your breeding has been above your circumstances—why is it more a crime to look with worshipping eyes upon the august beauty of what we are told is the likeness of Divinity itself, than at the Provence rose which droops before us in the garden? And this not solely to make him a dumb statue, but to raise him from the outcast and the vagabond—for he is one, I suppose—into that which might be a worthy model for a combination of physical and intellectual beauty; so that my intentions from the first moment were . . ."

"Sattice, when she returns, can inform you of all that may be necessary for the discovery of this man," interrupted Marie, with imperturbable coldness. "For the rest you will find this *feuilleton* charming, and this jar much at your service. I have a little errand to Monsieur Pillean, our *portier*, so excuse me."

Marie did not wait for a reply, but retiring for a moment to her little parlour, across the window of which, that looked into the shop, she carefully drew a red *serge* curtain, returned with something like a woman's cloak across her arm, and disappeared within the passage common to the house. From what the curious stranger could hear of her

footing, she did not enter Monsieur Pilleur's domicile, but stood upon the threshold that led into the street, as if to wait there for somebody's coming. This proved the case; presently two voices were heard, though hushed in a moment to a whisper. There was then a rustling as if of garments, and in a second more Marie returned into the shop, and coming gravely to the end of the counter next the parlour, busied herself in gathering together little parcels of tobacco, already weighed and folded into paper. Odersomme's curiosity was more than ever raised, though he looked as if absorbed in the sweetness of the first chapter of "*La Tendresse d'une Bonne Sœur.*" At length a decrepit old woman, enveloped in the cloak Marie had taken out, came in and went across the shop towards the parlour, the cloak not only hanging around her, but also covering some small slight figure, of scarcely her own height, just as country children coming across a wold or common from school, cover a little sister or a brother from the sudden winter's storm, with the same scanty duffle cloak as hangs around themselves. The sculptor's quick eye enabled him to perceive that this little figure, though so awkwardly encircled by the old woman's garment, moved with extraordinary grace; and his curiosity was thus proportionately raised, but without gratification. The parlour door was immediately and carefully closed, and all that could be seen through the red curtain was the light of a lamp that stood in the window looking towards the shop. Marie still continued sorting the little parcels, till the old woman returned alone into the shop, when, approaching the sculptor, she said briefly, "Sattice, monsieur, awaits your commands; she shall show you to the birdcage maker's, where the person you seek was last seen. This is the only way we can assist you. Good night."

There was such marked coldness in her manner, and such an evident wish that he should depart, that the sculptor had no other alternative than to bow profoundly, and follow the old woman from the shop.

Sattice, in spite of her decrepitude and deformity, hobbled quickly along in front of the sculptor, till in a more open street, just on the outskirts of *la Cité*, she entered a sort of arcade, gay with little shops on either side, and turning up a wooden staircase on the right, went on from floor to floor till she reached the topmost. Each of these had little open windows, looking out upon them, filled with a profusion of goods suited to the artizan class; and now, as a pyramid to the whole, come the bright little window-sill of Monsieur Quetelet, the cage maker. It was bright, for the wires of the new cages shone like gold, and those older, or second-hand, had birds in most of them, whose colours were like a rainbow, from the rich yellow of the canary, the green of the linnet, to the red breast of the bullfinch; and all these hues were again multiplied in the convex of the glass that held Monsieur Quetelet's gold and silver fish. As the birdcage maker was well to do, he had the whole of this upper floor to his own use, and accordingly the low walls of this little landing, the window frame, and even the doorway, were covered with various priced and sized cages. The little man had heard the ascending footsteps, and stood ready to receive his customers at the sort of half door or hatch that divided his apartment from the landing.

"Ay," he exclaimed, as he evidently recognised Sattice, "the little made-moisselle—she had a sweet voice, a pretty face, a bright eye—has got another bullfinch, has she? Well, well, singing creatures love one another; so here's cages enough, if she should have twenty."

"Hush," said the old woman. "I'm neither come for a fine speech nor a birdcage—let me in." She pushed against the low door, and M. Quetelet unlatching it, she passed into the little shop.

The sculptor remained outside by the open window, Sattice not having invited him to follow her; presently, however, a row of cages was pushed aside so as to form a sort of lane, at the extreme end of which, within the shop, appeared the face of M. Quetelet.

"L'Apollon, l'Apollon is it you want? Bah! The fellow, after the night

he had taken a cage to M. La Croche, the music-master, was always humming, and so I dismissed him, as he wasn't contented to earn two *sous* a day and a mess of *bouille*, but must take out recreation in this way. That did not do; I have birds enough to sing, without wanting other music, for I hate what the *feuilletonists* call the popular mind." And with this expression of his political and philosophical opinions, the birdcage maker commenced humming that charming bagatelle of Alfred de Vigny—

"Viens sur la mer, jeune fille,
Sois sans effroi."

"Stay," said the Dane, seeing that M. Quetelet was turning away; "say where I may possibly meet with this man. I will willingly give a couple of francs for any information." M. Quetelet's manner was in a moment changed, for, making the aperture between the cages larger, he replied, with a respectful bow, Pompey should show monsieur directly. It was better that he should be shown; it was not always safe for a gentleman to go alone into the haunts of the *chiffonniers*, for there L'Apollon, as he was called, would be found. Did monsieur want a cage, he had some grand enough for the Palais Royal itself; perhaps he would step in and look?" Thus speaking, M. Quetelet politely opened the door-hatch. "Yes," said the Dane, as he accepted of the birdcage maker's courtesy, "you remind me of a duty; produce the richest little cage you have and put in it your best canary or your best linnet, no matter which, without reference to cost." The cage maker obeyed with alacrity. In a minute or two the most gilded of little cages was unpapered and the sleekest of canaries was disturbed from its silent roost and transferred into its new habitation. "There," exclaimed M. Quetelet, as he closed the little door, "the pair suit immensely! The one is worthy the boudoir of *Sa Majestie la Reine*, the other to sing with the choristers of *Notre Dame*."

"And now, my good dame," said the sculptor to Sattice, "take these home with my best wishes to your mistress; say that whatever her secret may be, or what the cause of her altered manner—I am the last one to intrude or to ask questions—both are respected; yet, if she has a young creature in her house and its beauty be the touching secret, let it have this little bird to chirp beside its bullfinch; and," calling it, "*la petite esprit de beauté*, remember when it sings that its notes are heard by many, and that the adorable *God made all things of loveliness to be looked upon and to be enjoyed by ALL his creatures.*"

Sattice clapped her hands, and was about to pour out her thanks, but monsieur had already reached the staircase, marshalled by the profound bows of the cage-maker and awaited for by the shambling urchin, whom M. Quetelet had called forth from some hidden recess—not, however, without whispering that he must bring home the two francs monsieur was to give, of which three *sous* should be his.

Once more in the street with this new guide the way was retraced towards the heart of *la Cité*, and after a tour through gulleys and courts reeking with dunghills and open sewers, Pompey descended two or three wet stone steps, and pushing aside a piece of sacking, hung across a doorless doorway, the sculptor saw before him one of those monstrous scenes which yet disgrace the civilization of cities. An immense brick-floored kitchen, or rather cellar, for it was below the level of the filthy court, was filled by a miscellaneous crowd of every age; *chiffonniers*, street-minstrels, dancers, thieves, beggars, impostors, children, girls in finery that betrayed their calling, old men and boys. Some old women were cooking in the wide fire-place, some were drinking, some few children sleeping; but the majority of the crowd were squatted on the filthy floor, their bundles and baskets scattered around them, witnessing with wild and vociferous gesticulation the feat of lifting three or four coarse sacks, in which were tied weights of stone and lead. The performer of these feats, that thus raised their boisterous applause, was a young man of magnificent stature and shape, but so wasted by the evident inanition of famine that the sweat poured from off his ghastly brow like rain, and as he lifted the weights his sullen unlustrous eyes quivered and

drooped with pain, and the thick swollen veins across his arms and throat stood up like whipcords. Yet, the more he writhed the more his pain became—the more every vein stood up, as if tortured by the rack, more vociferous grew the applause, and the more intense the brutal glory. The reward seemed not in money, for as each Herculean test of strength was ended a wooden platter was pushed across the heads of the gathered mob, for such contributions of scraps of food as could be spared from reeking frying-pan, pot, or basket. Surely hunger was in its last stage to thus bring humanity to accept of such reward, and noble physical nature to the degradation of being such a puppet!

The sculptor tried to make his way through the squatting crowd, but he was rudely thrust back. He then felt in his pocket and producing a narrow slip of paper held it up. "Make way, if you please," he said, with a commanding voice, as he showed the paper; "this is the written authority of M. le Prefect." All eyes were in a moment turned from the drooping *athlète* on to the stranger, but instead of making way for him to pass, the more savage of the mob drew closer together, and thrust him back with coarse brutality till some one amongst them cried out that the Prefect's warrant was genuine. At this a few made way with dogged sullenness, and the sculptor stood face to face with the *athlète*, who with drooping figure bent towards the burden on the floor. "Ferdemain," spoke the sculptor, "I know something of your history, and of the knaves who traded on your strength. If you can quit this degradation do; I am your friend." Without more words than "Lead on, master," the sullen-eyed Titan pushed aside, with sudden strength, the accursed burdens that had only brought him fetid scraps of food, and nodding to the throng passed from amidst them. Before, however, he was allowed to depart, the authenticity of the Prefect's passport was again examined, and it was only as it passed from hand to hand that the crowd drew back and gave him egress.

Pompey soon brought the sculptor and Ferdemain into the more open street. Once clear of *la Cité* he was dismissed with a reward of four francs, two for his secret pocket and two for M. Quetelet's spoliation, the birdcage maker's bargain having met other ears besides those of Pompey.

It was getting late by this time, and the night had become so intensely cold that the poor wretch, as he followed in his miserable rags, trembled in every limb and cowered down, with head half sunk upon his folded arms, before the piercing wind. Not an empty *fiaucre* came in sight till they were within too easy reach of the Rue St. Honore to make its use of much service, so walking swiftly, with the *athlète* at his heels, Odersomme soon reached the large house wherein he rented the spacious ground-floor and an old monastic court behind, partly flagged with Caen stone, and made green and shady, in summer time, by a luxuriant vine which ran around the walls. A little old fat Dutch servant, with a prodigious moustache, opened the door and commenced rubbing his hands the moment he beheld by whom monsieur was accompanied. "Ha!" he muttered, "the world will have it now," and, whilst repeating this over full twenty times, he led the way into a little cell-like chamber, well lighted and well warmed, however, with something very savoury cooking on the stove for supper, whilst on a shelf or two was an odd assemblage of old bronze work and a few old books, and below a small anvil and a chemist's stove; as if Hans, in his leisure hours, pursued some craft in which these were useful. Hearing that M. Verdot, the physician, awaited him in the *salon*, the sculptor gave his directions briefly to his servant and left the chamber. The *salon* was lighted, and coffee stood prepared over a spirit-lamp.

"And Madelene—is she better or worse?" he asked the moment he had closed the door. "Worse, or you would not have come at this late hour. Good God, fortunate at last in procuring a magnificent model for my great work of the new Héralkés, but only in the same moment to lose the woman I have so long loved." He sunk on to a low couch and covered his face with his hands.

"You are wrong," said Verdot, "for the last three days she has been out

of danger. But returning your letter unopened, she begged me to come to you to-night, and say that, under present circumstances, she could not receive your addresses. She is poor and without fame, but should her present labours be successful, both evils may be removed, and she may be worthy of the honour you would bestow. This is all she will say ; all she will promise. ‘*Monsieur le docteur*,’ she said with her sweet though feeble voice, ‘ tell the great sculptor, that woman is never so justly proud as when she seeks to be worthy the fame of the one she justly loves.’”

So overcome with joy that the tears rolled down his checks, the sculptor drew his chair near that of the physician and overwhelmed him with questions ; but Verdot would answer none of them beyond saying, that the poor artist was recovering ; was well tended by one of the sisters of charity ; and had even been at work for two hours that very evening. He then changed the subject, and spoke of Odersomme’s model for his great work.

“ As far as I am concerned in his story, it is a curious one,” said the sculptor. “ About two years and a half ago I had occasion to go into Bretagne for a few weeks. Whilst staying in the little town, to which my immediate business had taken me, I heard of some remarkable friezes in stone round the church altar of a little fishing village a few miles distant on the coast. I went and found them even more worthy of attention than I had anticipated, and I passed several delightful days in their examination and that of the remarkable rock-bound coast, so like in all its features to the Cornish one of England. For a mile round this particular village vast basalt caverns front the swelling ocean and into these, when the tide is at its full, or the wind blows coastward, the giant waves roll in with savage grandeur. They were just such places as one would fancy sheltered the ancient sea-kings during their predatory visits to these coasts, for within the largest of these lie high shores, dry, and far removed from out the reach of the gusty blusts which come roaring from the sea, and increase, by multiplied echoes, their wild monotony. I used to fancy that, perhaps, their basalt roofs had looked down upon the orgies of those fabled giants that peopled these coasts and the English Cornish one, and were either themselves, or the immediate ancestors of the Merlin, the Tresilian, or the Arthur of the heroic ballad. ‘ Were they really a gigantic brood,’ I asked myself, ‘ or was the legend of their gigantic bodily proportion mere myth, which had gathered round prodigious savage valour and feats of daring, and increased both their account and with it the bodily proportions of the actors ? ’ These thoughts were followed by the wish that such a giant, lusty in all the pomp of savage strength, with a front which had never quailed at the rudest sea blast, or the mountainous surge, or drooped in the bloodiest sea-fight, would rise and face me on this shore, as type for a giant of the newer time ; like in some things and yet most unlike, as combining physical advance with the grandest of spiritual conditions.

“ *All of the savage dropped away, and nothing but the God before the world.*
“ As I thus thought, in the sunset of one glorious evening, after some hours’ wandering amidst the wildness of these caves, an angle in a rock which crossed the shore brought in view some little heaps of kelp which had been gathered and left in the sun to dry. I was passing one of these within a foot or two, when my steps were in a moment arrested. It seemed as if my wish were partly realised. Before me lay asleep, in the full warmth of the setting sun, one of the most splendid specimens of the human form my eyes had ever rested on. It was a youth, dressed in a fisherman’s garb, with his *sabots* off, and the garments on his legs and arms rolled up, as if he had been wading and searching in the surf. The coarse handkerchief round his throat was partly untied, and showed the whole exquisitely-formed throat and chin just beginning to be thickly covered by the signs of manhood, whilst above rose the broad square brow, over which floated a magnificent pomp of such golden hair as one could fancy swept round the shoulders of the sea-kings. In admiration, I sat down beside him for some time ; but as he still slept, and I did not like to arouse him,

I returned to the village to make inquiries about him. My imagination was changed by what I learnt. His family had lived upon that coast for all the centuries within tradition; they were a race of fishermen, and were called Fer-de-maine, because of their prodigious personal strength, which was a gift that had descended through every generation. But this youth, inheriting in a marked degree the physical beauty and strength of his race, was yet its last survivor. His father and four brothers had been lost two winters previously by the foundering of their boat in a sudden storm. Since then this lad had been nearly destitute, except as he occasionally gained a few sous by helping the kelp makers, or going with the fishing boats. But these were poor resources, and he had latterly been inveigled by a set of jugglers, who roamed about the country, to exhibit his feats of strength whenever they came to the village. At first the lad had yielded reluctantly; but hunger was inexorable, though whenever there was kelp to make, or a helm to guide, their temptation was useless.

"This spoke so well for his disposition and qualities, savage and untaught as they might be, that I determined, after I had dined, to seek him out, and if he had no objection, to bring him to Paris and make him useful as a servant and a model. Circumstances prevented my sending for him, or finding him that night; next day I found that the jugglers had been again to that district, and for some cause not explained he had quitted the village with them early that morning. I waited some days in the village, thinking he might return, but he did not. I, however, left money and full directions with my good landlady of the cabaret before I departed.

"But I heard nothing more of the matter till some months after; a friend then mentioning a visit to Rouen, amongst other things spoke of some feats of legerdemain he had witnessed in that city. This led to my inquiring, and I found he had seen a youth, answering the description of my poor Bretagne, engaged in the dogged exhibition of degrading feats of strength. I again made inquiry, but unsuccessfully.

"Not to tire you with too long a story, I incidentally heard, some time after, of his being here in Paris as one of the combatants in a prize-fight, got up by a certain set of the English aristocracy. Again I tried to rescue him, but still uselessly, till from adventure to adventure I again got a clue to him yesterday, and to-night found him the Samson of a mob of *chiffonniers*, thieves, and prostitutes, and in the last stage of misery, degradation, and famine. He is here."

As he said this the sculptor took up a lamp, and followed by the physician, opened a small side-door and entered his magnificent *atelier*. It was so large that it occupied nearly the entire basement of the house, and was so crowded with works of art in all stages of progress, with yet untouched blocks of Carrara marble, which formed pedestals for bas reliefs, or tables for the students' tools, by splendid casts of the Torso, the Hercules Farnese, the Medicin Venus, the Venus Aphrodite, the Venus of Cnidos, and the Apollo Phleasias, that little more than narrow pathways were left, and in some parts of the room giant works of art were so massed together that broad shadows swept around them like a pall. No other light was in the room but the one small oil-lamp, placed upon a small low block of that precious black marble brought sometimes from the north-west coast of Morocco, and the light which it shed was the dimmer for the reason that it stood beneath the broad shadow of the Hercules. Within this shadow, at the very foot of the statue, lay the *athlete*, upon a small mattrass stretched upon the floor, in one of those profound, almost death-like sleeps, which follow the satisfaction of long-continued hunger. Hans had given him a bath and trimmed his matted hair, but the thick down upon his face remained unshaven, whilst the clean blouse in which he was wrapped beneath the coverlet, was open far down the throat, and showed fully his magnificent, if yet undeveloped breadth of chest. The physician took the lamp and knelt down before the sleeper. After some thought and severe scrutiny he looked up into Odersomme's face and shook his hand.

"One of the most magnificent pieces of Nature's work the eyes of man ever looked upon, but the frame has been overwrought, and famine has done its work—consumption will be only warded off by the greatest possible care. He must come to my house at Versailles; amidst its gardens and vineyards he can undergo that *régime* that may fit him for your great work. At present he is but a mummy, the outward husk of an imperfect and unripe fruit."

"And yet to see him eat," whispered Hans, who was a spectator; "there was the *bouille*, the *fricasse*, the remnants of the *gigot de mouton*, yet we hadn't half enough; but he was very grateful; at every mouthful he begged me to thank the master."

This long and deep sleep lasted many hours, through the succeeding day and till night again, during which time the sculptor's pupils took drawings of his recumbent figure, and crowding together whispered their wonder and their admiration; but Odersomme saw, as the bare arm lay stretched across the mattrass, as a study for his modellers, that however perfect and grand in its proportions, it was not the arm, which was yet perfect enough for the original of that arm which, outstretched, was to typify the strength, the might, the **TRUE LABOUR OF THE WORLD!** Slight fever and great prostration followed this profound sleep, but as soon as possible he was removed to Versailles, and there, under Verdot's care, he commenced a training like that of the ancient *athleta*. His diet was beefsteaks, bread, and water. He walked, he ran, he rode, he threw the quoit, he wrestled, he took the bath, he slept by rule. The whole medical world was interested in the physical development of this splendid human creature. But that this perfection might fall with vigorous freshness upon his sight Odersomme abstained from seeing him during the four months of this physical noviciate. On an appointed day, however, he received him. It was a day in early spring, the vine in the courtway was budding into leaf, the strong sun fell warmly through the high and wide lattices of the *atelier*, the pall of shadow was less about the Hercules, and round the divinity of Praxiteles fell a golden glory, when this man came in, and passing through the crowd of *cognoscenti* and anatomists stood before the Dane. He did not speak a word (as if the soul was yet unawakened, he was remarkable for his taciturnity), but with his head slightly bent, one hand outstretched, the other laid across his chest, and on it dripping slow from off the rich crisp curls upon his uncovered throat, came such signs as the unspeaking heart gives when the truth of its gratitude is profound and touching. He did not speak; he did not kneel; (that thing which true man did never yet to true man) but stood just as we may suppose beatitude may stand, before its great Creator. Odersomme was profoundly touched; unawakened, uncultured as they might be, he saw that here were elements of the soul in keeping with the body.

He was right; silent, docile, affectionate, patient, Ferdemain won upon his heart. His labour was a labour of love.

Two months went on, and with them the sculptor's labours, but not to the satisfaction of his great ambition. At first he marvelled from what this dissatisfaction could spring; but at last the truth dawned upon him. He was modelling from what thousands had done before, a perfect human form, but one unanimated by that which can alone consecrate mere beauty. He had here muscle and sinew as finely proportioned as any ever wrought by the great finger of Nature, yet nothing of the soul's vitality was stamped upon them, they were mere machines of the body, unanimated by the soul; they expressed but mere animal volition. In despair he broke up cast after cast, and came to the humiliating conviction, that however confined was his opinion, that modern art would yet equal—nay, surpass, that of the ancient world; for the spiritual, as well as the material, world is governed by the same great and eternal laws of advance, his was not the hand to make the first great declaration of this all-certain truth. And of what use was another idol of plaster to the millions already made, if no impress of the soul was stamped upon it? And yet not alone that of a mere imaginary godship, which under no circumstances could

have been man, *but expressing the soul of man, himself advanced unto the God!* Incidentally, as it were, the truth dawned on him, that no effort had yet been made to animate the spiritual being of this beautiful form. The body had been fed, tended; each muscle trained, each nerve strengthened, yet beyond the mere culture arising out of humanity, unvarying gentleness of demeanour towards him, and the entire absence of all vicious associations, nothing had been done to arouse the mental lethargy of the provincial. It seemed sometimes as if he were as inanimate as the marble groups around him, and sitting for hours in one position, without the smallest perceptible motion, with his breathing inaudible to the acutest ear, his senses seemed lost in a sort of stupor or unconsciousness, from which it was difficult to arouse him. The surest means was the voice of Odersomme himself.

One summer's evening, after many hours' severe labour, in placing a portion of the cast together, he had the mortification of finding that though the proportions were faultless, the result, so far as proceeded with, was an utter failure. The sculptor called his favourite servant to his aid.

"I think, Hans," said he, "if you'd put by your anvil and hammer for a few evenings, and take your bottle of *vin du pays* beneath the vine in the court, and see what sort of a scholar you could make of our poor Bretagne, I should be glad. It might be preparing the way for striking some few sparks out of the flint; the veriest stone, I might say, if I did not know that a noble fire glowed within it. Far down this fire, Hans, far down, but yet, perhaps, worth kindling into a blaze."

Hans grumbled—to do so seems the privilege of favourites—and said that Marguerite, *la femme de journée*, would not only spoil monsieur's coffee, but as monsieur knew, the *Bronze Basket—the experiment of Beauty and Strength*, must stand still, and monsieur knew he could only work at evening time.

Hans had been originally a workman in one of the Belgian forges, and migrated from thence to Paris. He had become connected with the sculptor through assisting him in casting a colossal statue of Gustavus of Sweden, had become attached to him, and growing too infirm for the laborious work of the forge and casting-house, had some years previously to this little story, entered his service, in the combined capacity of cook, valet, porter, all of which services he performed so efficiently as to dispense with all other assistance than that of the above-mentioned Marguerite. Being this sort of favourite, he was allowed to mount what hobby he pleased, and accordingly he had mounted his old one, and most evenings, after monsieur's dinner hour, he was to be found like an old alchemist over his bellows and smelting-pot, or fashioning little moulds of quaint shape, yet without a particle of Dutch formality about them.

Whether he thought too much about this crucible and bellows, or sipped too much *vin du pays* to have his head clear, or that his pupil was too stupid to comprehend, I scarcely know; but the fact was, that though they sat beneath the foliage of the vine for many nights, no other result arose than that an extra number of pipes was smoked, and his pupil grew more lethargic.

Odersomme, observing this, dismissed old Hans one night back to his bellows, and proceeded to the apartment of an old abbé, who having been, some years before, expelled from the church for his political creed, now earned a scanty subsistence by pamphlet writing, and giving lessons to the children of his heretical acquaintance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Adolphe had I made my model of beauty, and Adolphe, who I might suppose to be the fairest among them, and capable of being very well arranged and to suggest him to my master, obtained him, and daily scenes of admiration were shown him. This is the last time I see him, and he is gone with

THE PEASANT OF ALBANO.

ADOLPHE MIRECOURT, a young French artist, had inspired with the profoundest sentiment a village girl of Albano, named Vincenza, who came frequently to Rome to offer her beautiful head as a model to the most distinguished painters. The *naïve* grace of this young mountain maid, and the ingenuous expression of her features, had rendered her the object of a sort of worship amongst the students, which her decent and reserved deportment fully justified.

From the day on which Adolphe Mirecourt seemed to feel pleasure in her sight, Vincenza never quitted Rome. Albano, its beautiful lake, and laughing landscapes, were exchanged for a small and obscure chamber, which she occupied in the Transtevere, at the house of the wife of an artizan, whose children she nursed. Excuses were never wanting for frequent visits to the *atelier* of her *bello Francese*. Upon one occasion I met her there. Adolphe was gravely seated before his canvass—his brush and palette in his hand; Vincenza crouched at his feet, as a dog at those of his master, watching his look, respiring his slightest word, at intervals rising at a bound, placing herself opposite to Adolphe, contemplating him with rapture, flinging herself upon his neck, and bursting into loud and joyous paroxysms of laughter, without dreaming the least in the world of concealing from me her bewildering passion.

For many months the happiness of the young Albanese was cloudless; but jealousy came, and put an end to all. Some persons had induced Adolphe to conceive doubts of the fidelity of Vincenza; from that moment he closed his door, and obstinately refused to see her. Vincenza, struck as by a mortal blow, by this rupture, fell into frightful despair. She would wait whole days for Adolphe on the Pincio promenade, where she hoped to meet him; she refused all consolation, and became more and more sinister in her speech, and ruder in her manner. I had already uselessly sought to soften her mood. One day I met her, walking with extraordinary agitation, on the banks of the Tiber, on the top of the elevated jetty, called the Poussin walk.

"Whither art thou going, Vincenza?"

No reply.

"Wilt thou not answer me?"

No reply.

"Thou shalt go no further; I foresee some egregious folly."

"Leave me, signor; do not stay me."

"But what art thou doing here alone?"

"Oh, do you not know that he will not see me more—that he loves me no longer—that he believes I have deceived him? Can I live after this? I am going to drown myself."

Here she began to utter the most despairing shrieks; she flung herself upon the ground, tore her hair, breathed the most furious imprecations upon the authors of her misfortunes. When she became somewhat spent, I asked her if she would promise to remain tranquil until the following day, when I would make a last effort to soften Adolphe.

"Listen, my poor Vincenza; I will see him to-night; I will tell him all that your unfortunate passion and pity has inspired, and suggest everything that may induce him to forgive you. Come to me to-morrow morning, and I will tell you the result of my advocacy, and all that may be proper for you to do on the occasion: should I not succeed, and we have nothing more advantageous to suggest, the Tiber is always open to you."

"Oh, signor, you are so good, I will do what you tell me."

The same night I saw Adolphe, and related to him the scene I had witnessed, and begged of him to give the poor girl the interview, which alone would save her.

"Seek the most stringent evidence, cross-question and examine whom you please, I would wager my right arm that you are the victim of some error; besides, allowing my reasons to be weak, I can assure you that her despair is the most dramatic thing possible. Look at it as an object of art."

"You plead well, my friend, and I will do what you desire. In two hours I shall see some one who will cast some new light on this ridiculous affair. If I should have been deceived, let her come, I will leave the key in my door; if, on the contrary, the key be not there, be sure I have acquired the certainty that my suspicions were well founded. After this I beg that there may be no further question. Let's change the subject. How like you my new *atelier*?"

"Incomparably better than the old one; but the prospect is less beautiful. In your place, I should have kept the attic, if it were but to be able to distinguish St. Peter's, and the tomb of Adrien."

"Ah, you are always amongst the clouds. *Apropos* of clouds, let me light my cigar. Good! Adieu for the present; I am going to the examination. Tell your *protégé* my final resolution. I am *curious* to see which of us two has been duped."

The following morning early Vincenza called upon me; I was still sleeping. She dared not at once interrupt my slumber, but becoming impatient, she seized my guitar, and passed her fingers across the chords; the sound awoke me. I perceived that she was almost suffocated with her emotion. How beautiful she looked! Every feature was radiant with hope. In spite of the bronzed tint of her skin, I could see the passion bubbling beneath—every limb trembled.

"Well, Vincenza, I think he will see you. If the key is in the door, it is a sign of forgiveness; and _____"

The poor girl interrupted me with a shriek of joy. She seized my hands, and covered them with tears and kisses; shuddered, sobbed, and rushed from my chamber, casting upon me, in gratitude, a divine smile, which shone like a ray of paradise. Some hours subsequently, as I was finishing my toilette, Adolphe entered, and said to me, with a serious air—

"You were in the right, I have discovered all; but wherefore did she not come? I have been waiting for her."

"What! not come? Why she left here this morning, half mad with the hope I had excited; she could have been with you in less than ten minutes."

"I have not seen her—and yet the key was and is in my door."

"Gracious God! I forgot to tell her that you had changed your room—she must have gone to the old place, ignorant of your sudden removal."

We rushed to the spot—the door was closed; in the pannel was forcibly driven the silver dagger that Vincenza was wont to wear in her hair, and which Adolphe recognised with terror. We hurried to Trastevere—to her lodging—to the Tiber—to the Poussin walk, we inquired of every passer by: no person had seen her. At length we heard voices in violent altercation; we reached the spot. Two herdsmen were fighting for the white *fazzoletto** of Vincenza, which the unfortunate Albanaise had torn from her head, and cast into the river, ere she had committed the fatal act.

* The small handkerchief worn on the head by the peasantry in the vicinity of Rome.

and ignorant foolish ignorance of manners had all to be taught to mould
down in youth and training the mind to the best of its power to mould
and train the heart to the best of its power to mould the soul to the best of its power to mould

LEAVES FROM THE BLACK BOOK OF IRELAND.

No. I.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, THE SPY, AND THE APPROVER.

We are apt to express our surprise at the ignorance displayed by our Continental neighbours, in their published works—the gross ignorance of our manners and customs—and can scarcely imagine how men of talent and general research allow themselves to be led into such mistakes respecting a country and its inhabitants so immediately in their neighbourhood. When we behold such a man as Scribe, representing a British ambassador at the Court of Madrid, speaking of "*mon femme*,"* or hear a clever fellow like Alexandre Dumas, talking of *Sir Peel*, we feel the most profound emotions of astonishment; yet, on the other hand, let us ask ourselves—do we ever for one moment measure our knowledge of Ireland and the Irish? Do we ever confess to ourselves that our fellow-countrymen of the Sister Isle are as strange to us, as little known, as we ourselves seem to be to the literati of France.

I am not about to attempt a description of the state of Ireland, the feelings of her people, or the wrongs she is said to endure; no, these are, I confess, themes beyond my powers to expatiate upon. For, although I am free to admit that I fancied I was thoroughly versed with these subjects *before* I ever visited the Sister Isle, I began to doubt the fact after a residence of three months, and cannot deny that on leaving it, after a residence of several years, during which I entertained as many opinions, I was compelled most reluctantly to allow that I knew nothing at all about the matter; so on these important points I am not about to write. I would rather endeavour to delineate a few scenes which came under my personal notice, hoping that if they are tolerably graphic, I shall at least give some idea of a race of beings as different from their equals in England, as is the handsome Asiatic from the squat Icelander.

Major Ball (we will call him) is perhaps the most celebrated public officer in the police department of the Irish government, and to him that country, it is said, stands indebted for the suppression of many of those disturbances which, but for his exertions, would have led to extended anarchy and bloodshed. Before I ever saw him, I ardently desired to make his acquaintance. When I heard of his daring deeds, his single-handed conquests, his extraordinary penetration, and strange instinct in discovering crime, my wish was each hour increased, to behold and converse with this extraordinary man.

From Dublin I was fortunately sent to the very county over which Major Ball presided, and from circumstances unnecessary to relate, soon after became intimately acquainted with that worthy and active magistrate.

In his own house a more hospitable, lively host I never saw; his broad good-humoured countenance, his hearty laugh, thoroughly disguised that acuteness which was at once the safeguard of government, and the dread of the evil-doer. His manner polite, his address good, kind to his children, attentive to his guests, few could read his passing thoughts, or believe that his mind, even in the midst of revelry, was occupied on plans for arresting the progress of the demon Crime, unhappily at that moment stalking throughout the south of Ireland. His small, sharp, piercing grey eye alone bespoke his extraordinary intelligence. Glancing about, it seldom remained fixed; when it did so woe to the person on

* "Le Domine Noir."

whom it settled if he had anything to conceal—it actually looked through the object it rested upon.

I had heard that the major possessed a small cottage near the city, in which he continually kept his witnesses and his best policemen, until the case he wished to bring before the judge of assize was duly matured. To this cottage, then, I eagerly sought an *entrée*, and one day, when sitting with the functionary in his judicial office, I ventured to solicit the favour. Ball instantly consented, and the better to show my welcome, asked me to dine there on that day, an invitation I need scarcely say I readily accepted.

The residence, to which I punctually repaired at five o'clock, was situated about one mile from the city. The handsome gates were opened by a policeman in undress—a second ran by the side of my car until I reached the hall-door, which was opened by a third supported by a servant in handsome livery, who ushered me into the major's long dining-room. Here I enjoyed an excellent meal, and my entertainer's conversation had nearly made me forget the object of my visit—when a sergeant of police entered and delivered a note to his chief. In an instant the whole demeanour of Ball was changed, and he cross-examined the man as if he had been a prisoner under investigation. I now learnt for the first time the extraordinary ramifications of inquiry instituted by my friend. It appeared that numbers of the force were daily sent in all directions; that each was examined on his return by the major himself; and their statements, subsequently compared and sifted by the intelligent functionary, furnished him with the means of knowing everything which passed or was likely to pass in the county.

"Did Mick walk with Connor to-day?"

"He did, major," replied the sergeant, with a military salute.

"Did he learn anything?"

"Not much, I believe, sir; Connor was uncommon close—but Micky is waiting outside to speak to your honour."

"Send him in. Let Corporal Cassidy and four mounted men go off towards Bruff, two miles on this side of the town, about eleven o'clock, M'Mahon is to meet his cousin Doyle, who is out for Magrath's murder; let them both be brought in, but don't let them speak to each other till I've seen them in the morning. Let Delaney take six men to Patrick's Well—Gavin's house will, probably, be attacked to-night, but as only eight men will be in the affair, I hold him responsible for bringing them all in. See that Connor gets a glass of whiskey directly, and let Dywer and another go and bring in his family at once, and let it seem as if I was not aware of it; and now send Micky in."

The sergeant left the room and was almost immediately replaced by Micky. Now Micky was of such a peculiar class that I must fain describe him at full length.

In person Mick, or rather Michael Kelly was little more than a dwarf, and like most of that race boasted a head disproportionately large. His eyes were small, sharp, and cunning; his mouth large; his white teeth gigantic; very broad shouldered and tolerably well clad; he now stood leering at the major awaiting the inquiries of the latter.

"Well, Micky," said Ball, "what have you to say now?" and the magistrate cast one of his penetrating glances on the dwarf.

"Anan, yer honour," grunted the other, and then began simpering; such being the usual mode in which an Irish peasant of *tacte* manages to foil many an acute Englishman, the appearance of stolid ignorance and stupid good nature serving as an impenetrable veil to hide his feelings from the hasty inquirer; besides this, it gains time for him to frame an answer; and places him in the superior position of last player in the game of conversation.

"Come, Micky, don't be playing the booghorn with me—tell me at once, you walked with Connor?"

"I did."

"Is he inclined to say anything?"

"Faix, then, I think he is."

"You are sure he was one of the party?"

"Faix I am, ye'r honour."

"Then why can't he speak?"

"Well, then, ye'r honour, I'm thinking he fears the boys; besides, you see his family are out, and he thinks they might attack them."

"I foresaw that; they will be here in two hours. Does anything else keep his mouth shut?"

"Faix, then, he seems to doubt your sending him to Americky."

"Does he know we have Murphy?"

"Devil a bit; but if he did, I'm thinking he'd speake."

"Go; that will do—here is a shilling—you may go presently and sit with Murphy—but mind, as he was the principal, I will not take him as an approver; so it's no use leading him on too far."

"Sure, don't I know that same well,—long life to your honour;" and Micky left the room.

"That's a strange animal," said the major, as he quitted the apartment; "you are happily unacquainted with these cattle in England; alas! they are necessary in this unhappy country. Micky is one of the sharpest of his kind, but he's a sad rascal."

"Who, and what is he?"

"I'll tell you—originally concerned in a Whiteboy outrage, he saved himself from transportation by turning approver, or as you call it in England, king's evidence. Alarmed at the prospect of revenge which too surely awaited him if he returned amongst his neighbours, he at once accepted the proffer made by Government to send him out to America, a premium conferred on all similar abettors of justice. For this purpose, he was, as is usual, put into the common prison as a place of security, not for his detention, but to guard him against any violence from his infuriated comrades and their friends. Here he managed to elicit some most valuable information from a fellow prisoner. This information he instantly afforded to me, and enabled me to trace the author of a most sanguinary murder. For this service I gave him, by order of my superiors, £25. This reward so pleased Micky, that he at once declined to proceed across the Atlantic, and has ever since become a sort of dependant on my office. Subtle beyond belief, he has proved a most useful tool; his intelligence, disguised under the mask of ignorance, often draws out secrets which no torture could extort, and serves him as a ready passport into many a cabin that would shut their door in his face, could they only believe that he even knew Micky the approver. But enough of this, I will now introduce to you a more peculiar character still." The major rang the bell, and desired that Connor should be shown in.

It may perhaps be as well (for the especial benefit of those who have never crossed the Irish Channel) to sketch the peasant who now entered. The picture will do as a fair description of every cottager or small tenant in Ireland, this class being wholly different from any in our country, where we have few or no grades between the actual farmer and his lusty labourers.

Roderick Connor (or as he was usually called, Rhody), stood some five feet seven inches high, the common average of the peasantry in the South. His mouth large, his lips thick, his teeth good, and his browned complexion at once bespoke him "a real Munster boy;" his eyes were, as they are in those parts, of a bright grey, and his hair, cut tolerably short, seemed scorched up by the sun, till it had somewhat withered, and resembled in no small degree the apex of a hay-cock. His brown throat was left bare, his clean shirt collar, thrown widely open, showed the prominent windpipe; as a matter of course, he wore the grey freize coat with metal buttons, corduroy breeches, and black worsted stockings. The knees of his nether garments were left unbuttoned, and his strong thick brogues (or clod-hopping shoes), had evidently never been touched by the blacking brush. His whole appearance bespoke health and activity. Such was

the figure that now stood before the dreaded magistrate, sheepishly twisting his hat about between his hands, affecting great calmness, yet peering (when he fancied himself unperceived) from beneath his eye-lids at our friend the major.

My surprise may be far more easily imagined than described, when Ball addressed him in a voice as truly national and husky as the malefactor's own, in a brogue so broad, in terms so homely, that I could have sworn, had I not known otherwise, that the well-born magistrate before me had been educated and reared amongst the very lowest grades of the Irish people.

The major's greeting was in pure Irish.

"Thin, musha good luck to yer honour, I am hearty."

"Will you take a glass of punch, Rhody?"

The other looked for a moment sheepishly around; then, smiling, he replied, "I'll not refuse, your honour."

"Sit down, Rhody."

The prisoner—for such I found was the position of Connor—did so most awkwardly, encumbered as he was with his hat in one hand, and his glass in the other; at length he laid down the former, and seemed more at his ease.

"So, you won't tell me anything about this affair?" The interrogated peasant glanced suspiciously at me. "Oh, you need not mind speaking before this gentleman, he is a relative of mine."

"God speed his honour!" ejaculated the other. The major suddenly turned round, and spoke sharply. "Pat Murphy is taken!"

Connor attempted to seem calm, but I could see his mouth move into a convulsive twitch, and his throat swelled and collapsed in a way which left little doubt of the difficulty with which he smothered his agitation; after a moment's hesitation, he replied, in a tone of affected indifference—

"Is he, sir?"

"Rhody, this is a bad business"—Rhody merely sighed—"I've sent in for your family; they'll be here presently."

"Providence be between ye're honour and all harm, but it's good of ye're honour"—and this time Rhody spoke seriously.

"I shouldnt wonder if Doyle was here to-night, and it might go hard with some people if he spoke."

Rhody started, seemed incredulous, and assumed a doubting manner. The major had marked the impression his speech had made.

"Sure I know nothing about Doyle," at length resumed the other.

"Come, now, don't be humbugging the world, Connor; sure I'd have given you the first chance, but as you choose to remain silent, why perhaps Doyle will do."

"Has he said anything, yer honour?" demanded the other, in a whining voice of inquiry.

"Faith, if he did, my good lad, what does it signify to you? We've got Murphy fast, and if Doyle becomes approver, sure he can't hurt you, as you are so positive that you were not out."

"Has Doyle split, yer honour? Tell me at once; may be I can say as much as he can."

"You'd better be quick, then, for he'll be here directly."

"And the wife and the chilider?"

"They are safe."

"Are you sure, yer honour? You wouldn't desave a poor boy, you see——"

"I pledge you my honour they are by this time on their way here, with a proper escort."

"God be good to yer honour!"

Connor now hesitated, and began again twisting his hat about; some idea was evidently labouring within his mind.

"Well, Rhody," said the major, breaking the pause, "you may go now, I must see after Doyle."

"Major," replied Connor, rising and slowly approaching, "Major, if I could

say anything, and *did* say it, would my little family and I be sint out to Americky?"

"Indeed, then, you would, and a handsome sum given you, too, to settle with."

"Faix, I've a mind;" and the man hesitated.

"Mark me, Rhody, however, you must tell all; no half concealments, no dodgings, you must tell the truth, the whole truth, and no prevarication; I will only receive such information as can be fully borne out by evidence. I'd transport the man who perjures himself, as sure as my name's Ball."

"First tell me, then, where is Doyle?"

The major pulled out his watch. "He is now about leaving the cabin of old Moriarty, in order to meet his cousin McMahon, at the mile-stone this side of Bruff." The culprit started. "He will arrive there at eleven, where Corporal Cassidy will instantly seize him, and bring him here;" and the major said something in Irish.

"Providence be good to us," roared Connor, jumping up in evident surprise and trepidation, "thin it must be ould Nick himself—the Lord keep us from all harm!—that tells your honour everything; how else would you know this, and Father Pat himself ignorant of it?"

"Shall I tell you more? I have the old gun stock with which——"

"Hould! hould! Don't say a word more, I'll tell you all; but mind," added the crafty peasant, checking himself, "I'm the *first* to tell, my family is to be purtected, and sint to Americky."

"Leave all that to me," said Ball, "I'll take care of you—by this cross I will," added he, holding out his hand; "but tell us all—mind, *all*."

The approver, seemingly contented with the strange oath of the authority, poured out with volubility the following tale, apparently fearful that Doyle might arrive and forestall him.

"It was the night after Candlemas last, when I met Tim Doyle, Pat McMahon, and Anthony Malony, near the ould cross beyond Killbally Logan. Well, yer honour, you see they were colloquing about Magrath having taken the land from which Murphy had been ejected; so you see we all agreed he deserved a bit of a puck, and presently you see, ye're honour, Murphy joined us with a bottle of poteen from his own little still, and we drank it; and then you see Doyle reminded me that his aunt had married a cousin of my wife's; and so you see I consented to be of the affair, and besides Murphy promised us each five shillings and lashings of drink, besides shelter in case the Peelers made us out, and a deal more, till we all agreed, and away we all wint to Magrath's. Well, yer honour, it was one o'clock about when we arrived, and Tim Doyle knocked at the door with his bit of a stick. 'Garry come in, then,' says Magrath, 'my door's open to all who want shelter,' and in we wint. Hearing so many of us enter, what should Magrath do but jump out of bed, and was about to cry out, when Murphy struck him across the head with his gun, when it broke right in two, bad luck to it; and though Magrath fell, he wasn't much hurt. All this I seed as I was lighting a candle at the fire. Upon this up stands the wife, and fixes her claws on Doyle, who had nothing left for it, so seizing a bill-hook, which was quite handy, he split her head open, and she fell dead, without so much as uttering, 'God bless you.'"

The narration made me shudder.

"Go on," coolly said Ball.

"Well, yer honour, Tim's blood was up: so he made a grab at the little colyeen that was lying on the bed, when Malony stepped forward, and wouldn't let them do for her, and took her into his own arms. By this time old Magrath was stirring again, and attempted to rise. So Murphy, you see, pushes him back, and says, 'If you don't do all, I'll tell you; I'll settle you in a jiffey.' Magrath at once consented, and then Murphy made him swear that he believed himself—that is, Magrath—to be a thief, and a villain of the world, and all that was bad. 'Will that do?' says Magrath. 'Sure it will,' says Murphy, laugh-

ing, 'and now I'll give you the receipt; so with that gives him a rare puck across the back of the head with the stock of the gun, and he fell back senseless. 'That will do,' says I. 'By no manes,' says Murphy. So with that he took the broken stump-end of the stock, and having forced his mouth open, he rammed it right into his jaws and throat, till he finished him out and out. Now, Tony Malony, you see, swore the little girl to secrecy; and having thrown the gun both pieces into the pond beyond, we all left, and got to our homes before daylight.'

"And what became of the girl?"

"Tony took her off."

"And where is she?"

"She's dressed as a boy, living with Tony's sister, by Cratloe Wood."

"And where's the handkerchief which they took from Magrath's neck after they murdered him?"

"It's here, yer honour," said the approver, coolly, and he unfolded a pocket handkerchief, which he had kept in the crown of his hat.

"You may go now, Connor."

"And you won't forget your promises?"

"I'll not; but be off now, I wish to talk to this gentleman."

"God bless yer honour!" said Rhody, leaving the room, as if not quite sure he had done right.

"The heavens be your bed, my fine fellow!" replied the satisfied inquirer, as the witness closed the door.

We were alone.

"I have it all—have it all!" exultingly cried the major; "that girl's apprehension, and the pocket handkerchief, complete the case—nothing else could have established it; Connor is an excellent witness, he will be a staunch approver."

The major's anticipations were verified. I learned that at the following assizes the whole affair was most satisfactorily brought forward. Doyle and Murphy were executed, Malony transported for life, each confessing the justice of his sentence. Rhody Connor is now a small farmer in America.

LINKS AND FETTERS.

When the usage was young of a custom now old,
And friendship and love were not bartered for gold,
A swain sought a fair one, with him to unite,
And shed on his destiny joy and delight.

"I consent," cried the maiden; "I freely consent."
The words had been spoken, but mark the event:
A new lover came to delude her aside,
And prove the light weight of the word of a bride.

Then was first forged the ring, wedded lovers to bind,
And link such free hearts as are found in mankind;
But the fetter of steel was too galling and cold,
And it quickly was changed for a circlet of gold.

Thus an emblem was furnished for marriages now:
At first a light chaplet but wreathes the fond brow;
Anon a cold link seems the wedded to chain,
Until gold gives its aid, and in age binds the twain.

E. R. L.

THE CONVENT OF LA TRAPPE.

Let me see, it was, I think, at Bourbon-Vendée that I posted a short letter, written at Chateau-Fromage, where I had been staying for a couple of days on a visit, by letter of introduction, to the only surviving chieftain of the Royalist war (1794), a half old worthy of four-score. I had previously walked it from Orleans to Tours, and then steamed it down the Loire to Nantes, whence I took the ramble over a part of the scene of a civil war in which, it is estimated, above half a million of lives were sacrificed, not to mention a prodigious amount of suffering, and a terrible destruction of property. The conflict was carried on for years with a surpassing heroism, and with a desperation on both sides, that make one cease to wonder how Napoleon's soldiers overran the Continent until annihilated by a Russian winter.

Besides a ride to and from Clisson, *petite ville de grand renom*, I walked above seventy miles in La Vendée, but I shall not give any long account of that country of "giants in war," although a compulsory rest of three or four hours affords a good opportunity. I mean to dwell more at length upon the description of another place that I have since left behind me.

Having spent above a week, off and on, at Nantes—which, by the bye, struck me as being, in many parts of it, less unlike Rotterdam than any other French town I have seen—I went on board the Nort steamer last Sunday at seven, A.M., and ascended the lovely little river Erdre, bedecked at places with floating acres of water-lilies and its banks enlivened by modern chateaus. At the end of some twenty miles it rather suddenly narrows into a ditch-like stream, flowing sleepily among broad marsh lands; but in less than half a dozen additional miles we found ourselves alongside the quay of the busy little town of Nort. Having ordered some coffee, I rambled through the streets and looked into the church, in which I found an overflowing congregation; whilst numerous groups were in waiting outside to hear the next mass said, or the next after that. Here I saw, as I have seen in other parts of France, a very good reason for a plurality of services, inasmuch as all the church-going members of a family, especially in lone country spots, cannot safely or conveniently leave home at the same time; but I cannot so readily understand why the same parties should be constrained, as in England, to attend two or three long Sunday services, which, to the very youthful in particular, must be a wearisome confinement for the time being, if not a species of verbal torment, calculated to produce in riper years a reaction which the very best intentioned advocates of reiterated attendance do not seem to take into their consideration.

Not finding coffee ready on my return to the hotel at eleven o'clock, I turned abruptly on my heel and reaching the outskirt of the town took a huge basin of milk. Thus fortified, I walked for three hours along a pleasant line of road in an undulating country, too much wooded at commanding points to admit of an extensive view of its many fine prospects.

The roads through Brittany, as far as I have gone, curve pleasantly, and are entirely free from that arrowy straightness which in most parts of France is very irksome, to the pedestrian especially.

Upon arriving within a league of the small town of Melleray, I descried on my right hand, and at less than a mile from the high road, an assemblage of buildings which, from previous information, I knew must be the famed convent of La Trappe, which I had read of when France was a sealed country, and recalled to mind the wonderment I then felt in the account of a set of men who made it a matter of religion to deny themselves the use of their tongue; and, wondering now at finding myself close to the spot where devotion has taken

so strange a turn, I made up my mind in a moment to visit this head quarters of austere penance.

With the feeling common to travellers, on coming within sight of anything very remarkable, I stood still for awhile to survey the general landscape, a woodland country of uneven surface, but not sufficiently bold to be anywhere grand, although almost everywhere fine, or wanting nothing but the sight of a stream or sheet of water to make it so. The convent was nearly at the foot of one of the tree-clad smooth ridges that formed the background. As I stood, leaning on my umbrella, looking at this principal front, lit by a bright afternoon sun, and overtopping its unpicturesque out-buildings, a thin tapering spire, rising from behind the northern side, disclosed the situation of its chapel. The grand façade of the convent appeared handsome and well proportioned, but architecturally rather plain than otherwise, and the place altogether was devoid of that air of antiquity one associates with situations of an historical cast.

In the immediate vicinity of the convent were considerable breadths of arable land, which had been evidently reclaimed, at no distant time, from the forest, or from the heathy flat between it and the main road.

Having gratified my curiosity by a distant view, I began to look out for a by path, but seeing none I struck across some stubble fields and heathy patches for half a mile until, by dint of scrambling through old hedges, and over new ones, neatly planted between shallow, dry ditches, cut in straight lines, I came to a wide turfly lane, straggling right and left, so close to the convent that I did not dream of losing my way; yet this is precisely what I did do, for taking the turn which seemed nearest, as it really was, I shortly entered a woody tract, and upon reaching that part of it which, for scores of acres, had been recently cut down to the last tree for sale in the fuel market, the ground was incumbered by stacks of wood, and so thickly covered with chips that I lost all trace of a path, and wandered about hesitatingly until put right by three woodcutters who were taking their Sunday stroll over the scene of their working day operations.

Once set right, I soon emerged from the wood, and following a rutty track, over rocky ground, I in less than ten minutes more rang the bell of the convent out-gate. The wicket was speedily opened by a monk, under thirty years of age, dressed in a rusty brown habit; his head was entirely shaved, he had a good oval countenance, rather sharpened features, small brisk eyes, and an alert manner. After the usual salutations, I asked if strangers were permitted to enter. "Certainly," said he; and, taking up a large hand-bell, rang it lustily for half a minute, and then, putting it down, inquired if I were come to stay all night; but before I could make up my mind how to answer a question so unexpectedly put, a second monk appeared, to conduct me to the convent. On our way diagonally across a rather irregular court, he also asked if I meant to stay. "I now replied I was not aware that strangers were allowed to do so. "Oh yes," said he; "they do as they please about that." By this time we reached a door on the side of the closed or blank grand entrance, and a few paces more brought us to the foot of a broad stone staircase, where monk number two took up a hand-bell, and ringing a sharp peal, soon brought down monk number three, who silently piloted me up to the wide corridor of the first floor. Number three was the first mute friar I encountered; but he eyed me pleasantly on our upward course, and asked, as plainly as eyes could ask, if I intended to make a stay. At all events I answered, "I believe so," upon which he smiled and nodded, apparently well pleased that his unarticulated query had been so promptly understood. Everything now betokened the exclusion of noise. On the wall, at the foot of the grand staircase, was the printed notice:— "*On ne monte pas avec les sabots.*" On reaching the corridor, another met the eye:—" *On prie MM. les Etrangères, par respect pour la silence de notre solitude, de parler à voix basse.*" Here number three tinkled a smaller bell, and by the time I had read the above injunction and some notices signifying that rosaries, beads, and other articles of canonical wear, ornament, or use, were on sale, for the benefit of "our Church," and by the time I had also cast a glance

over maps of the department (Seine Inferieure) and of France, there approached a monk dressed in white, and his head shaven so as to leave a circlet of hair, emblematical of the crown of thorns. He might be forty years of age, of good stature, mild countenance, small searching eyes, and of gentlemanly bearing. He was le Père Hôtelier—one of two or three monks appointed to receive strangers. After an exchange of self-introductory bows, he unlocked the door of a handsome apartment, *la salle des étrangères*, which we entered, and then, pointing to an arm-chair, we seated ourselves side by side, without much additional ceremony. After some minutes of common-place conversation, the reverend father asked if I would take some refreshment. I replied that, having just come off a long, warm walk, a glass of wine-and-water would be acceptable, whereupon he rose, unlocked a side door leading into the *salle à manger*, and, as he withdrew, transferred me to the care or custody of a couple of young brothers, or *frères*, in rusty brown, who, it appeared, were on permanent duty as waiters at the strangers' table. In this dining-room was a table for at least four-and-twenty guests, partially spread with fruit, bread, wine, &c. One of the attendant brothers, an unIntellectual-looking, ill-favoured youth, was mute, and the two communicated with each other by signs, or by use of the finger alphabet. The speaking waiter, a fine young fellow of four-and-twenty, placed a napkin before me, with a quiet hospitable air, and with a subdued earnestness invited me to commence upon the dish I liked best. A noble melon became the immediate object of attack, and a few slices of it, along with some tolerably good household bread, took away all inclination to taste the peaches, figs, plums, &c., before me. The wine was palateable, but I never laid hold of the water goblet to mix after my first tumbler. The talking brother answered all the questions I put to him readily and good-naturedly enough, but rather laconically. He like the others I had come in contact with, asked if I had come to make a stay, to which I boldly answered, "Of course I am." Having read, with marked attention, a printed notification of the hours of breakfast, dinner, and supper, and glanced at the printed caution—"On ne parle pas pendant les repas," I rose from table, and was re-conducted to the *salle des étrangères*, where I was shortly afterwards rejoined by the Père Hôtelier, who now, like all my preceding friends in rusty brown, blandly desired to know if it was my intention to take up my quarters there for a time. My answer was a prompt and decided bow in the affirmative, for I now felt somewhat at home, and there was, besides, a novelty in the reception, and such a mysterious air pervading the whole place, that I should have been sorry not to see more of it. The worthy Père Hôtelier understood perfectly well my silent bow, and straightway demanded a sight of my passport, which I handed over, and which he scrutinised most narrowly for two minutes; then observing that he must show it to his superior, he pocketed it and withdrew, locking me in, for it seems no door is ever left open for more time than to allow egress or regress, for which each monk appears to be provided with pass-keys on a leather strap suspended to his girdle.

I had not long been left alone, when I heard a gentle knock, and had hardly called out "*entrez*," when the folding doors opened, and in glided, abreast and with measured steps, two tonsured fathers, one an ordinary man of forty, the other of twenty-five, of handsome intelligent countenance, tall, and altogether of a courtly presence. Each bowed profoundly; and, advancing a few steps, both plumped down simultaneously on their knees; and whilst I stood bowing as fast, and as low, as I could bow, I was painfully embarrassed on further seeing the two fathers prostrate themselves at full length, keeping their lips to the floor long enough to say a short prayer, as I suppose they did do. This strange salutation increased my perplexity, and I remained immovable until, as the fathers slowly arose, I bowed again and again with all my might. As soon as they got fairly on their feet they favoured me with return bows as lowly as my own, but far less vehement. They then mildly beckoned me to follow them, which I did without hesitation. Upon gaining the corridor, the young monk took precedence; I followed him, and the elder one brought up the rear. In this way we

marched, in single file, along the corridor, until we came to a branching passage, which we entered by descending a few steps, and followed its curving line until stopped by a door opening into the strangers' gallery, *le Tribune des Etrangères*, at the west end of the church, and immediately over the ground entrance, and partly over the space open to the public, but shut out from the choir by a lofty screen. Entering this *tribune des étrangers*, we seated ourselves on separate benches, and my ghostly leaders having knelt and breathed a prayer, arose, crossed themselves, and reconducted me to our starting point, *la salle des étrangers*, in the same order we had left it. Bowing me to a chair, they seated themselves in front, and one of them taking up a homily book which had been placed on the table in our temporary absence, read a few pages aloud, to which the younger one paid a marked, if not an overstrained attention. This done, both arose with a bland expression of dignity, and gracefully bowed themselves out of the saloon, I all the while counter-bowing until they got out of sight, and, may be, a little longer, for I felt not a little distressed by this exhibition of monastic humility. Not a syllable was interchanged in all the long half hour so spent.

This ceremonial thus ended, I believe it was considered that I was now regularly installed as a visitor, for the good Père Hôtelier soon re-appeared, and presently transferred me to the custody of the speaking waiter of the *salle à manger*, who took me down stairs, and direct across the front court to a long detached barrack, or house, consisting chiefly of dormitories. Of the thirty or forty bed-rooms he gave me possession of one, on the first floor, overlooking a walled garden, of about four acres, which he pointed out as the only promenade of the "stranger within the gate," unless accompanied by one of the fathers.

After giving some further explanation, the young monk withdrew, whereupon I began to take a cool survey of my new abode. I found myself, I hardly knew how, the lord and master of a whitewashed chamber, twelve feet square, decorated with a few common prints of saints, and furnished with a nice curtainless bed, two tables, a couple of chairs, a looking-glass, crucifix, inkstand, pens, penknife, wax-light in a candlestick, and a spare one in a table-drawer, a box of lucifers, and all the requisites of a wash-stand. An extra supply of water stood outside, at the end of the corridor, in a filter five feet high, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf. The general fittings-up were everywhere studiously plain.

In the bedroom was an *affiche* of sixteen rules for the information and guidance of strangers. The ninth directs that when the visit exceed ten days, the visitor shall thenceforth devote three hours out of every twenty-four to the reading of theological works, or else employ himself for that space of time in such other occupation as the superior shall designate or approve of. Everybody is forbidden to speak to any of the *employés* in the workshops, or elsewhere on the premises, save in the presence, and with the sanction, of the accompanying Père Hôtelier.

Having completed my reconnaissance within, and hastily read the above "reglements," I descended to the walled garden and took turn after turn there for the best part of an hour whilst other folks were at vespers. Within twenty feet of the wall runs a walk twelve feet wide all round the somewhat irregular quadrangle, whilst two others of equal width intersect at right angles near the centre of the whole enclosure. Benches here and there afford sitting accommodation under the shade of fruit trees; and there is a roomy alcove on the south, facing the central walk. The principal compartments of the garden are subdivided by narrow paths amongst vegetable or flower beds, which are exceedingly well kept and well stocked, yet the walls are less covered than might be expected; but there is a slip of vineyard at the upper or northern side, and fruit trees and bushes are planted along the walks. The tanks, at convenient distances, enclosed in rocky walls partially clothed with saxifrage and such like vegetation, are fed by underground channels from an artificial lake outside, of perhaps a hundred acres in extent, swarming with fish, undisturbed by the

rod of the angler or by the net of the poacher. When I have stood afterwards at a late hour on the roadside bank to listen to the solemn vesper chaunt within the chapel, the water seemed alive with its finny tribes chupping and splashing about in sportive agitation.

The garden flower borders and beds were showy enough, but contained nothing particular excepting the wild cane, the bottle gourd, and a perch or two of Job's tears (*coix lachryma*), which last are probably cultivated for the purpose of stringing the hard grey berries on rosaries for sale. The melon grounds most excited my attention; upon one of six long beds, side by side, I counted the fruit, ripe or ripening, and calculated, after adding the beds elsewhere in the same garden, that there could not be fewer than eighteen hundred or two thousand melons ready, or more than half ready for the knife. The mammoth pumpkin (*citrouille*), grow there, as I was afterwards told, to one hundred and fifty pounds weight. The pears are fine and plums abundant, both of which, as well as apples, are preserved in large quantities. The very windfalls are carefully picked up, for no sooner is a gusty breeze over than a fruit-collecting monk is to be seen, here and there, with a basket on his arm. I did not think the peaches and other wall fruit so fine as English, whilst the raspberry, gooseberry, and currant bushes bore rather a scrubby appearance; before I left, I closely pruned two or three of the latter, by special permission of the lay-gardener, who stood by, laughing good humouredly, albeit disparagingly.

There is another and much larger walled garden in which the fathers, or superior monks work, and which is inaccessible to strangers, and a third garden, larger still, walled on the north side only, used chiefly as a nursery ground. I estimate the length of wall applicable to fruit trees as greatly exceeding a mile.

The orchards on the eastern side could not be less, I think, than fifty acres. The arable breadths are very considerable, and the meadow land cannot be small, as the dairy consists of twenty-six milch cows, besides which oxen are much used for the plough; and there are some horses.

This is the result of subsequent observation or inquiry. I now go back to my first stroll in the garden. Vespers being over, the other visitors walked in slowly, and for the most part singly, when I counted twenty-two of them, about the average number, although on certain festivals more than fifty congregate, and then they take their meals in the corridor.

Perhaps the most discomforting circumstance attending my sojourn of four days at the abbey, was the isolation of the guests one from the other, inasmuch as each seemed to be studiously shy of all the rest so long as they were within the abbey precincts. The same parties grouped socially enough, whenever they met outside. The majority of them were *curés*, or other priests, who came apparently to place themselves for a season in religious retirement. I rarely saw them promenading in twos or threes, and it is contrary to etiquette to visit each other in their respective rooms. These ecclesiastics usually walked book in hand, and turned to avoid a meeting, if it could be managed without an appearance of rudeness; if not, silent bows were exchanged, *en passant*.

The supper hour, seven o'clock, was long past before I could make an acquaintance. The first was a sprightly Parisian, of twenty-three years, who had been there above three months, and who was qualifying himself to settle down as a farmer. "This is a droll place," said I, "to learn that business." "Such is my taste," said he; and I afterwards found that he took such an active part in the out-door labours that I seldom got him within conversational reach, when he always was, or professed to be, particularly busy.

At twilight I stumbled into a chat with two Spanish emigrants, who had arrived a day or two before and left the day after, and who knew but little of the place; nor did I subsequently pick up any communicative companion. The fact is, I was discouraged from making any strenuous attempt. I felt that I was in some sort an intruder, because of a different faith from that of those around me, and accordingly I bridled my curiosity, and refrained from making inquiries

lest I might unwittingly transgress the peculiar laws and customs of this singular community. In short, I was restrained by the consciousness of being in a false position.

Having slept soundly the first night, I arose on the Monday morning, and, having attended matins, I listened with pleasure to the sound of the breakfast bell; nor was I the hindmost in the *salle à manger*, where we partook of the usual meal of fruit, vegetables, wine, bread, butter, and cheese. In due season the Père Hôtelier, Father François, conducted me over the establishment. Our first steps were directed to the church, which is partially detached from the house, but has several passages of intercommunication. This church, of Notre Dame de Melleray, is a very plain building, of something like the proportions of St. Stephen's Chapel, or old House of Commons, in its Catholic days. The walls are whitewashed, and, like the windows, unacquainted with the brush of the duster. A high screen leaves a square space, with a couple of side altars, at the western entrance, for admitting the public, but shuts out all view of the choir, excepting from the strangers' gallery above, whence the high altar is distinctly seen, and the shaven heads, or the cowls, of some of the farthermost officiating monks are perceptible during service. A kneeling monk was to be seen in the church, and in other parts of the establishment, devoutly counting his beads, sometimes with his face tolerably close to the wall. Quitting the church, we traversed certain passages, and visited, in succession, the refectory, the *salle de réunion*, the *salle de lecture*, and the dormitory, all very plain but large and well-proportioned rooms. On entering every one of these places, Father Francois whispered, "*on ne pas parle ici.*" Emerging finally from a door in the back front, we traversed a short side length of the private garden, where I saw about twenty of the fathers actively at work hoeing, side by side. I was shown the dairy, the shelves of which were loaded with home-made cheeses; the bakery, in which bushels of plums and other fruits were being dried for winter use; and the *vacherie*, a beautiful thing of its kind, and which must have been erected within these few years, upon the most approved principles, for housing milch cows and oxen. I was taken over some other places, but I do not believe that I was permitted to see so much as half of the establishment. The smithery, and other workshops, the kitchen, the laundry, the cemetery, were none of them made accessible to me.

In the course of our perambulation, my worthy guide, Father François, conversed willing enough, whenever we were clear of the particular saloons sacred to silence, but always in an under tone, and rather guardedly. He took care, however, to let me know that the conversion of Mr. Newman to the "true faith" was a matter of great *éclat*, and he gave me to understand that he took it for granted that there must be many more Newmans in England ready to claim admission to the fold of St. Peter. It was not long after this that he asked, in a gentle but impressive manner, if I myself did not occasionally feel some disquietude of mind as to religion? I answered, "Not at all." A mild inclination of the head was his only notice of my vivacious *point du tout*, and he never once re-approached the subject in any manner.

The abbey is, as far as I could understand, governed by a mitred abbot, under whom is a prior. There are about sixty fathers, or monks of the first class, who alone are qualified to say mass. The brothers, or second-class monks, are about a hundred. The numbers of both ranks were very much greater until many, mostly Irish or English, were drafted off to the La Trappe of New Melleray, in Ireland; all fare alike, and work, or profess to work, alike; and as there appear to be no *lay employés* within doors, and very few out of doors, the opportunities for strong exercise are constant,—a fortunate circumstance, for I can think of no other general preservative against frequent cases of insanity to which the monotonous severity of their lives must tend. How often do we see Providence visiting with monomania the mind which fixes itself all-absorbingly upon any one subject, be it religion, love, hatred, or any other object.

The Trappists dedicate eight hours and a half to their devotional performances at church, beginning at 2 a.m. They retire to their unpainted, rough-boarded cribs at 8 p.m. Their first, and, for the six alternate months their only meal is a dinner at eleven o'clock, after which they sleep the siesta for an hour. During the other alternate months they eat a supper. Neither fish nor flesh is allowed at any time, excepting to the dangerously sick, who are enjoined to utter no complaint, and to fear nothing so much as that they may survive.

The strangers' table is furnished three times a day with a palatable *soup-maire*, three or four score boiled eggs, or else omelettes, buckwheat pancakes, *galettes* of uninviting appearance, potatoes fried in slices, salad, good bread, excellent butter, very fair cheese, fruit, and wine. Of the last the sharp-sighted waiters never suffer an empty bottle to remain long on the table, but replace it with a full one.

As soon as the guests are seated, a father enters, and, without looking right or left, seats himself in a doorway recess at the far end, and reads aloud in French during the repast, otherwise not a word is articulated. One points to what one wants, and a fellow guest passes the dish, or an alert waiter brings it in speedy but gentle contact with one's left shoulder. Notwithstanding the apparent inattention of the lecturer, I observed his eyes occasionally wander down the book in stealthy glances over the party at table. Yet, when the repast was ended, he stood up with his face close to the wall, as if to avoid exchanging even a chance look with any one of the company.

I found these three vegetarian meals a day quite sufficient, and withal, suitable to my individual taste, but I fed betweenwhiles on green gages, &c., in my garden promenades.

It is true that I did not see an absolutely fat member of the community, nor, on the other hand, did I see any one of them particularly lean. Neither did I remark a gloomy countenance, although most of them exhibited a staid, abstracted air—not at all, however, akin to that cast-iron expression of piety in vogue with the righteous overmuch, where multiform religious sanctimoniously overlap Christianity, and tend more and more to smother it; and where Pharisaical varieties seem so to multiply, that the original stock is well nigh lost sight of.

Among the Trappists a cheerful face is not uncommon, and, to show that some of them still relish a joke, I shall mention that as I stood, one day, overlooking a plasterer working at a circular heap of moistened clay, into which two of the brothers were dropping horse hair, he talking to them in words, they answering him by signs, I, for the sake of saying a something, asked if they were preparing an omelette for the visitors' table, when the two cowled young men burst into a hearty laugh, and one of them threw his hands about a good deal. I asked the lay workman what all that gesticulation meant. "*Il veut dire*," said he, "*que vous êtes farceur.*" It so fell out that I met one of those two monks several times afterwards, and he never passed me without an undisguised expression of merriment on his countenance.

The youngest person I saw there was an unshaven-headed noviciate of sixteen. The oldest did not appear to have reached three-score. Seventy was spoken of as a very advanced age, but my rusty brown informant knew very little of the respective ages of the inmates, and perhaps, had never bestowed a thought on the subject until I put the question.

I could not perceive anything unfavourable to general health, but it forcibly struck me that the system was not conducive to longevity.

The *personnel* of the monastery is evidently a mixture of widely different ranks. Very rich men often become members of the order, in which case they dispossess themselves of property, by giving it away "to the poor," which, rightly interpreted, means, I should think, that the abbey receives the lion's share of it.

It seemed to me that there was a considerable portion of highly-educated

men, especially among the fathers; at all events, there were some of un concealable polish of manner. One of these gentlemanly fellows came into the *salle des étrangères*, when I happened to be there with Father François, to deliver a roll of engravings. He was a tall slender man, of thirty years old, and, if his extremely low forehead had been hidden in the folds of a turban, he might have passed for a handsome modern Greek, having a mixture of Hebrew blood in his veins. A marked courtesy, joined to a brotherly ease, characterised the interview, in which a sort of conversation was carried on without the use of the tongue; for the eyes, assisted by a modified gesticulation, became as it were organs of speech. I thought that I began to comprehend the purport of their unspoken discourse, in the midst of which a print fell, when the courteous "beg pardon," in picking it up from the floor, and in presenting it, was as intelligibly signified as if it had been demanded and granted in articulated words.

On the third day I had the honour of a few minutes' conversation with the Père Abbé as he was crossing, in prayer time, the front court, to overlook some workmen in one of the *ateliers* close at hand. In this respect he reminded me of another lord abbot you and I know something of. There was nothing in the Père Abbé's dress to distinguish him from the other fathers, save the episcopal ring, and the cross of a mitred abbot suspended from the neck. Having lately been accustomed to tones not much above an audible whisper, the unexpected sound of the human voice in its natural key fell pleasantly on the ear, and volubility of tongue had become novel treat. The lord abbot spoke so well on every subject he touched, that he made a very favourable impression; and I set him down for as clear-headed a man of the world, and a man of business, as I ever met with. He seemed to be specially well informed on the progress of Catholicism under a Puseyite garb amongst us, but I said that monseigneur must wait thirty or fifty years before England would go over to Rome; yet, considering the tendencies of that change to augment the wealth, power, and influence of the hierarchy, perhaps my lord abbot was not very wrong in thinking I had assigned to the Church of England rather too long a lease. On separating, the Père Abbé said, "I'm glad to make your acquaintance;" archly adding, "I know very well that you are not of our religion, but stay as long as you please, and make yourself comfortable."

The lord abbot is, I think, under forty-five years of age, of the middle stature and compactly made. His countenance is good; his eyes keen; and his lively manner is tempered by the polish and ease of the highest society.

When his election was made known to him he was hunting in La Vendée, but instead of returning to his patrimonial chateau he gave his fowling-piece, &c., to the *garde de chasse* in attendance, and rode straightway to take possession of his new government. I was told this in roadside gossip with a peasant, but it is not likely to be the exact truth, if there be any truth at all in the story.

I ascertained that the Trappists do not dig a spifful of earth daily in their own intended grave, a vulgar error that perhaps originated in the circumstance that a grave is always kept ready for the next monk that dies.

Neither is it true that the Trappists salute each other in these words: "*Frère il fait mourir*," simply because the rules of the order prohibit the utterance of a syllable to each other.

A farmer, in whose house I once took refuge from a pelting shower, observed: that "they at the abbey never elected a poor man as abbot." "Nor a fool either," said I, "if one may judge by the present." "Vous avez bien raison," said the man, laughing. This farmer was one of a dozen or so of tenants, or *m tayers*, and he described the Trappists as good landlords—moreover, very charitable. Indeed, I saw large quantities of soup and fragments of convent dietary for distribution at the out-gate, but I saw nothing likely to bring on a fit of the gout.

By this time I began to feel—not much more at home with my bridled tongue and my curiosity tacitly checked at every turn, but—rather less like a fish out of water than at first, and accordingly was quite willing to prolong my stay,

but, having sent on my carpet-bag from Nantes to Rennes, *bureau-restant*, a further sojourn was out of the question.

On my departure the amiable Père Hôtelier gave me back my passport and along with it the lithographed *souvenir*, usually presented to leave-taking guests.* He then accompanied me to the grand threshold below, and I might have persuaded myself that our parting was cordial had not the chill etiquette of the abbey forbidden one friendly grip, the reverend father keeping his two arms fast in his wide sleeves with either hand upon its opposite elbow; so that, despite of perfect good breeding on his part, our separation was—not so bad indeed as a shivering ague fit under a tropical sun, but—as cold as bright December sunshine.

How vigorously I tramped on fifteen miles to Chateaubriant; how I got wetted from the knee downwards by driving showers under my umbrella, as I perseveringly paced round the dilapidated chateau now belonging to the Duc d'Aumale; how, after prowling through the streets choked with market folks, I sought shelter in a tavern, and partook sparingly of *table-d'hôte*, to establish a right to houseroom until the expected diligence pulled up; how change of diet produced, in two hours, a disturbance of the system, and compelled me to relinquish my intended ride, and to walk on under mizzling rains; how I halted, dead beat, at Soulvache, whence, after a short rest, I was tempted to push on by a breeze which sprang up and dried my clothes as I journeyed further along to Thourie; how I passed there a distressing night, well cared for, however, by a good old soul of a hostess; how it took me thirteen hours of the next day to get over twenty-four wearisome miles, subsisting upon milk or brandy, or both when I could get both; how cosily I crept between the sheets in a large gloomy hotel, with a diminished pint decanter of cognac by my bedside; how I arose yesterday, weak, but renovated and free from cholera; how I perambulated this fine place, Rennes; and how freshened up I feel by a second night's rest, to resume, on finishing this budget, my pedestrian trip—are points which must be reserved for some future opportunity.

* "Souvenir de ma Visite à la Trappe de Notre Dame de Melleray (Loire Inferieure).

Quelque motif qui m'ait conduit dans ce lieu de paix et de bonheur, je dois en conserver l'heureux souvenir, car Dieu qui m'en a ménagé les moments ne l'a pas permis sans raison lui qui fait tout avec sagesse.

Je dois donc me rappeler souvent les impressions que nécessairement j'ai du éprouver en voyant des hommes comme moi, embrasser si généreusement la Sainte mortification si recommandée par Dieu, et qui est si propre à nous faire satisfaire à sa divine justice pour tous nos péchés.

Je ne dois pas me faire illusion sur l'obligation où je suis de me sauver.

Pour cela je dois fuir tout ce qui est opposé à la loi de mon Dieu quelque repugnance que j'en éprouve naturellement, car rien n'est si opposé aux commandements de Dieu, et de la Sainte Eglise que de suivre les inclinations de la chair.

Je prends donc la résolution de mettre sous les pieds tout respect humain, d'être chaste, sobre, de ne commettre aucune injustice, de fréquenter les Sacremens, et de vivre en bon chrétien. J'aimerai et honorerai Marie de tout mon pouvoir, sans oublier mon Saint Ange."

THE DIAMOND AND THE SPARK.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES," A PRIZE POEM.

"PRAISE to the Great Spirit! He is free! He is free!"

"A chain of gold and a habitation!—Guerdon and freedom for the slave,
Lukki Findah!"

Such the reward and such the sounds which musically greeted the ears of an Eastern slave, who had drawn from the bosom of earth a stone of rare purity and unusual magnitude. It was a DIAMOND, surpassing in carat and water the principal standards.

Men hailed the appearance of the jewel like the advent of a thing immortal. They questioned not of its use, but enlarged upon its beauty; and being rare, gave it election above other gems, even as the owner of a forest will prefer some solitary shrub, for its rarity, before the more valuable oaks and cedars which in abundance overshadow his possessions.

The Diamond, proud of his beauty and intoxicated by the acclamations which ushered him into light and lustre, grew disdainful of the dark hands by which he was nursed, and, resolving to hold no further contact with plebeian palms—although to plebeian palms he had owed his birth—he opportunely effected a dexterous shuffle, peculiar to minerals of his slippery nature, and slid through the fingers of a slave named Lobred No-Boddi, who was not only well whipped by his master for the loss, but kicked, cuffed, and derided by his fellow slaves.

At the same moment of time a pale, beautiful child, named Genius, playing by the wayside, espied a piece of rusty iron and a clump of silex. These he picked up, and bringing them smartly into collision, elicited a Spark, which leaped brightly from its birth-place as soon as born. The tiny particle fell upon a bed of dried leaves, and the heap was instantly enrobed in a sheet of flame.

"Ho!" cried the boy Genius, "See what a blaze I have made in the world!"

But what formed the delight of the lad proved the consternation of his parents. They flogged him till he promised to strike no more sparks; and the neighbours, in the meanwhile, having provided store of water, employed themselves in extinguishing the produce of his handiwork. Mighty was the sound attending their operations; the entire town seemed to have united to hiss poor Genius for his folly, as they bathed him with their libations; and as to the smoke and effluvia occasioned, they were intolerable. However, the fire was got under; and men viewed with satisfaction its brightness gradually bedimmed, until it faded, and its flashes, one by one, dwindled and curtailed until finally smothered. But the Spark, who was a dismayed spectator of the fate attending the work of his production, by no means relished the notion of losing his own little light in a darkness that might prove eternal; so he leaped nimbly on the back of a good-natured Zephyr, who flew by at the moment, and made his escape before the bystanders could stop him.

"Let him go," cried the multitude; "the humidity of the marsh land beyond will counteract all his efforts at further mischief."

The Diamond, fearless of danger, and assured of the most jealous vigilance for his safety, go where he might, resolved to set out upon his travels, but finding the inhabitants of the land to grow almost troublesome in their hospitalities, and fearing their solicitations for his stay amongst them would resolve into constraint, he sought the escort of a renowned warrior, who, laden with conquest, was returning thence to his native land. Sir Diamond, of course, promised ample compensation; but the man of war would by no means hear of such a thing, remarking, that the honour reflected by the presence of so illustrious a guest was more than recompence sufficient for all the cost.

The Spark sped merrily onward for a time, on the back of his friend Zephyr; but the latter being invited to a game at whirlwinds with some Mountain Breezes, who had recently been let out by King Hurricane for a holiday, bade the Spark "Good-bye," and shook him off; for it is not the custom to take our humble acquaintance into superior society when we mount aloft.

"I should like to have risen with him," thought the Spark.

Now it chanced that, as the Spark fell to the ground, the cavalcade previously mentioned as having been joined by the Diamond swept along the highway; and Gaffer Spark, being left to shift for himself in the world, craved leave to share its protection.

The Commander-in-Chief consented. "But," said he, "you must make yourself useful in return."

"Of course I will," said the Spark.

"And hark ye," said the General; "don a livery more befitting thy station. It is presumptuous to shine thus brightly in presence of thy betters."

"But my lustre is innate," returned the Spark, with modesty, "and must be extinguished before its effulgence can be repressed."

"Then extinguish it, sirrah," said the General.

Being left to himself, the Spark was ruminating on the hardness of his lot, when the Diamond made his appearance, and conceiving him to be a brother in distress, the warm-hearted pilgrim approached to offer him the consolations of sympathy.

"Ho! friend," quoth the Diamond; "keep thy distance. See'st thou not I am a patrician?"

"I implore grace, my lord," said the Spark, very humbly, "but I imagined, from the polish of your coat, that we were kinsmen."

Whereupon the Diamond laughed aloud, and then said—"Had thy coat resembled mine, there had been warrant for the supposition."

"It is allowed I *shine*," said the Spark, right diffidently.

"True," resumed the Diamond; "but that doth not entitle thee to shine in company with me."

"And why not, your eminence? To shine is but to shine."

"But thou dost more than shine," said the Diamond; "and there exist a thousand reasons against our associating together. I never give offence; thou dost. I adorn; thou dost not. I delight; thou affrightest. I sit with kings; thou with tinkers."

"All this, though true, is without justice, your worship," urged the Spark. "Your honour is ornamental, I admit; but I am useful and ornamental too."

"It is not essential for utility and ornament to go together," said the Diamond, haughtily; "besides, we do not boast the same ancestry."

"If I mistake not, mine is the elder lineage, your lordship," quoth the Spark, with increased humility of manner. "My fires were kindled by the Sun himself. You drew your lustre from the powers of earth."

"Still I am one of the higher lights of the world, and should be set above such grovelling sparks as thee," cried Sir Diamond, somewhat dimmed with anger.

"True, your grace," acquiesced the Spark, "assuming you possess natural with acquired advantages—something to *prove* yourself superior to lesser lights."

"*I shine in the dark!*" said the Diamond, with dignity.

"And, therefore, in the dark most frequently remain. I speak not to offend your highness," remarked the Spark; "but I would show that your exclusive position is a positive disadvantage. You shine but you give no light. I shine also in the dark, but I illuminate. I-warm, enliven, cheer, whilst you, your eminence, permit nought else but yourself to be visible. You shed no ray; impart no geniality. Men's eyes are attracted towards yourself and they see you; but they grope about in obscurity, nevertheless."

"However that may be, I never offend," repeated the Diamond. "Thou art an unmannerly fellow, who cannot touch one's knuckles without burning them."

Thou canst not approach many things without raising a vulgar stench in the nostrils of us Diamonds. Thou drawest people into hot water. Thou fillest palaces with smoke. Thou art ungenteel, intrusive, and dangerous."

"All which arises, your majesty, from the constant struggle, on my part, to fill the elevated position for which I was designed by Nature. The world resists me and the consequences are disagreeable."

"And ever will be," remarked the Diamond. "Now I, from being passive, receive encouragement. I am valued; thou depreciated. I permitted to embellish; thou condemned to serve. My fires, cold though they be, add magnificence to the diadem of monarchs; thine but serve to give vitality to some heap of despised charcoal."

"If I mistake not, your imperial highness," said the Spark softly, but smilingly, "I have heard that that same charcoal and the brilliant are identical."

At these words the Diamond blushed deeply enough to have been mistaken for a ruby, but recovering his native colourless lustre, he replied—

"The essence of all things is the same. It is the concentration of such essence in substances that render those substances rare, and give to them a peculiar value. Remember, friend Spark, that it requires the carbon of whole forests of charcoal to produce one diamond."

"And with what result, may it please your mightiness?" said the Spark.

"A glorious one! The dross becomes ennobled. What was dark and unsightly, now shines in glorious luminosity. Shapelessness itself takes grace, and darkness and irregularity give place to light and beauty."

"And directly the metamorphosis is effected utility ceases," exclaimed the Spark. "How many furnaces would not those forests have formed? How many hearths does the Diamond cherish? Let your Majesty answer if you can! When in the form of charcoal you were serviceable as fuel; as a Brilliant you are simply ornamental, and nothing more."

The Diamond experienced vexation, but he bore it proudly; and, having returned with much dignity as well as animation the salutation of a passing sunbeam, before which the Spark grew murky, he once more addressed his humble companion—glowing, as he did so, with a brilliance almost dazzling from the imperial glance in which he had basked.

"Still," said he, "my plebeian friend, I am of a race to be honoured. I am pure carbon: I am a patrician—an exclusive."

"Requiring but the simplest process to become again charcoal. Even I can deprive you of all splendour. Let me render you incandescent, and you combine with baser powers till you pass away without ability to support light, life, or vigour. You pure carbon, your Holiness! I am pure CALORIC, and before me every material in nature should bend; ay, before me, the very magnate of utility!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the Diamond; "I have one use that you have overlooked: my unequalled hardness enables me to cut all inferior minerals!"

"And I," said the Spark, "can rend, can rive, harden, soften, melt, and mould."

"Admitted," said the Diamond, with a toss of the head; "it is your duty as a labourer to do all these things. My place is on the high seats your skill prepares for me."

"I am content to be useful," said the Spark.

"And I, to profit by the disposition," returned the Diamond.

They now separated, the one to take his place at a banquet, the other to prepare the feast.

After some days it chanced that the cavalcade approached an insurmountable barrier of rocks, which effectually barred further progress; and a consultation was held on the means of vanquishing the impediment, whereon the Diamond undertook the task, and called to his aid Goodman Spark, whom he knew to be expert in the removal of all such obstacles. The Spark advised the employment of three friends of his, named Charcoal, Sulphur, and Saltpetre; and

these, being spoken to, readily undertook to explore the foundation of the rocks, and discover whether or not there existed an outlet, but having proceeded a few inches, they seemed unable to get further. In vain Sir Diamond railed and commanded,—they would not move a jot.

"Let me whisper a syllable," said the Spark; and, entering with alacrity, he spoke a word of power to the combustibles, when lo! as giants would crush hazel-nuts and scatter the shells in the air, they shattered the hard and strong rock into ten thousand fragments, and flung them hither and thither out of the way. No sooner was this notable feat performed than labourers were employed to adjust the materials thus provided, and a solid level road was constructed with the broken masses of the very cause that had hitherto prevented travellers from pursuing a direct line of march to their place of destination.

The reward of the Spark was a trifle of fuel, that he might enjoy a little blaze over the event; but the Diamond was covered with honours and large accessions of wealth, while men from all parts came to compliment him on the achievement of that benefit due to the poor tawny but ruddy slave he had employed.

Matters went on smoothly for some time after this, and the pilgrims proceeded from village to village by progressive stages; the Diamond invariably gaining admission into the halls of the great, whilst the Spark was content to seek shelter in the hovels of the indigent. One day, however, being desirous of witnessing how matters were carried on in the great house where Sir Diamond resided, he gained entrance in a phosphorous box, and alit upon the wick of a taper with which the maid was proceeding to light the drawing-room fire. The lady of the house was fair and beautiful, and the Diamond, who was attired in a girdle of gold, being ravished with her charms, cast himself at her feet, whereupon she raised him with a smile, and having saluted him with her lips, placed him upon her lily finger. The enamoured and envious Spark was so enchanted with the sight of such happiness that he leaped from the fire upon the same hand that held his master, in hopes that his natural brightness would gain him equal honours, but the owner shook him off with a cry of horror, and he fell upon the same piece of woven floorcloth from which she had raised the Diamond. Here he might have displayed his splendour, or quietly made his escape, but for the materials of the carpet, which, inheriting the malicious and malignant spirit inherent to all creatures who suffer themselves to be trodden upon, raised a fume that not only eclipsed his brightness, but offended the nostrils of those he had endeavoured to gratify.

"Extinguish him," cried the Diamond; "not only does his presumption merit such punishment, but he is offensive and dangerous."

Cold water was now once more thrown upon him, but he contrived to secrete himself in the corner of the rug and was carried below with that article to be thrown away. He now once more sought refuge with the cottagers, and essayed to render himself as useful as possible by heating their water, cooking their provisions, and heating their apartments. But even they received him ungratefully. They kept him scant of fuel; barely allowing him sufficient to work with; and then blew upon him for not acting more briskly with such inadequate means. Occasionally he would be called to the service of the great, and employed to illuminate their assemblies, but he was always put out when the rout was over. Sometimes, too, he was permitted to indulge in a game at pyrotechnics, of which he was very fond, but it was merely for their own pleasure. They applauded and encouraged him while their humour lasted, and when their taste was gratified abandoned him to his former oblivion.

At last the travellers arrived at a large city where they resolved to settle. The Spark received an immediate welcome amongst the artizans of the town, while the Diamond had a similar reception amongst the rich. He was feted and feasted to his heart's content. He adorned the neck of beauty and the breast of rank; the warrior who had brought him to the state sharing in his honours. Eventually he was deemed worthy of forming the chief ornament of the crown

itself, and he was accordingly elevated to that distinguished position. When he went abroad the people swarmed shivering forth to gaze upon and cheer him, although their own Spark was as brilliant, and kept them warm into the bargain. In fact, the citizens were not a whit more grateful than the peasants, for they not only robbed the poor Spark of his liberty but made him their serf and slave. They invented a proverb, which affirmed that he would make a good servant but a bad master, and all efforts were consequently made to keep him continually under. Nothing could be more curious than the contrast. There was the Diamond, with only a nominal value, receiving worship, and here was the Spark, to which the state owed its very existence, a despised and circumscribed dependant. Yet he worked cheerfully, too, and did noble acts. He heated the furnace; he fused the glass; he moulded the iron and rendered the inclemencies of season cheerful. He assisted in every department of labour, shone in every station and brightened every gay scene—but only as a servitor. They imprisoned him in lamps and he illuminated the city. They choked him in kilns and he formed materials for their houses; in short, they put him to every sort of indignity, and in return he brightened, cheered, and aided.

King Diamond was not unmindful all this time of the powers of his ancient servant, and permitted no occasion to slip for pressing him into service; the alacrity of the Spark, however, needed little incentive—a hint was sufficient to call forth his genius. War was declared. He leaped into the cannon's mouth, and scattered the enemies of his sovereign. A plague smote the land, and he burned away the contagion. The king willed his wishes to be conveyed to the remotest parts of his dominions instantaneously, and the electric Spark leaped with the message along a line of copper, at the rate of twenty thousand miles a minute. He settled upon a lens, and brought brightness from the sun. He warmed the northern earth, so as to produce the fruits of the south. In a word, he was the ornament and benefactor of mankind.

Sometime after his captivity the multitude, surmising that the progeny of such an agent might prove valuable, united him in wedlock to a maiden named *Aqua Pura*, who had risen from the capacity of a bleacher of linen, to be the turner of mills, and the bearer to and fro of ships and smaller vessels. The offspring of the union was a child named STEAM, who speedily proved that it inherited the might of both parents. To the minutest work of art, and the most ponderous one of labour, it was alike equal: heaving a mountain with the same facility with which it formed a pin, and carrying a fleet over the ocean against wind and tide as easily as it conveyed a train of carriages at unequalled speed across the land. One would imagine that such benefits to a nation would entail its gratitude, but it proved the reverse, for so soon as the power of steam became understood, they imprisoned it as they had done its parents, and adopted all the usual precautions to keep it from growing too strong.

Now the Spark waxed wroth at these manifold injuries. On the strength of old times and old services, he approached the Diamond, and demanded his liberty and rights; promising to maintain order and sustain wealth in return. The Diamond might have been willing to comply, but dared not, lest his old servant, who had always stood in awe of him, should discover the real worthlessness of precious stones and demand his dismissal as being a burden to the country. Whereupon the useless gem denied the request of the useful element, and bade him return to his duty.

"I will, oh, mighty master!" quoth the Spark, "provided thou grantest my just request. I am content to render due obedience to thy position and dictates, seeing that they keep mankind in order; but I must have my rights as a fellow creature."

"Begone!" said the Diamond, in choler. "I forget not thy vaunting thyself of superior merit to me, and must repress such ideas with punishment. Were sparks valued as diamonds we should be thought nothing more of than bits of glass. The public voice, however, has given us pre-eminence for our rarity, and we will maintain the advantage. Had we been originally left to our fate

and you permitted position instead, we should have been unable to have helped ourselves, while you would have ruled the world; but scarceness gained the preference to utility, and so the matter rests."

"So let the matter rest; but give us our rights, nevertheless," quoth Gaffer Spark, for the first time speaking in dudgeon.

"I will not," cried the Diamond.

"Oho! Then you must be made."

With this ominous expression the Spark retired, and flung himself into the arms of a barrel of gunpowder, which had espoused his cause, and an instant explosion shook the entire city.

The flame spread with ravaging fury; but the first thought of the citizens was to save the Diamond. "A thing of such value," said they, "must be rescued at any risk." So they bore it in safety to a neighbouring town, where it was placed in a rich cabinet and taken care of.

Meanwhile the Spark, now elected to be a great fire, raged in destructive fury over the devoted city. With a thousand angry tongues he roared through the rafters of the roofs, and licked up the spoils of the spoiler—destroying friends as well as foes, and devouring the fruits of his own industry, and the institutions by which he might have attained to future prosperity. The citizens now opposed to him the relations of his own spouse, *Aqua Pura*, and he retired before them. Elated with their triumph, the waters now committed ravages equal to the flames. They burst their boundaries and inundated the soil, sweeping before them the few wrecks that the rival element had left. As is often the case, their own impetuosity proved their destruction: they spread over the land until they became shallow, and then returned to their former level, exhausted and impotent.

With that the citizens marched forward in a body, and by the rapid construction of dams and dykes placed *Aqua Pura* once more in confinement, and guarded against future excesses. They likewise succeeded in capturing the rebel Spark, and, carrying him in chains to the capital, decreed that he should again labour with the other elements to repair the injuries they had inflicted, and for the future welfare of the State.

"But where are we to secure the wages of labour?" inquired a sagacious citizen.

"Make me your ruler," said the Spark, boldly, "and I will create capital out of nothing, and govern you at half price."

"No, no!" said the president; "you and yours are too common and held too cheap to be entrusted with capital. We must reclaim Prince Diamond, and money will be advanced upon him at our own terms. He still holds his value in the world, and so long as we keep that value up we can make our price of him."

"I now learn," returned the Spark, "the true reason why value is attached to rarities;—*it is that men may make their market of them!*"

"Admitted," said the president. "Did we give power to the *useful*, the useful would soon make use of *us*; but by preferring the merely ornamental, we acquire the means of making use of the useful for ourselves!"

This piece of special eloquence and logic decided the question, and Sir Diamond was restored to his honours—where the fool sought him, the knave bought him, and the rogue taught him.

Times have not since altered, nor will they, until selfishness abjures its errors, and *does as it would be done by*. The bauble ornamenting a withered finger continues to be prized more than the noble work of general utility. We still give the *ornamental* the meed due to the *useful*—still deify the DIAMOND, and endeavour to quench the SPARK.

THE ORPHAN FLOWER GIRL.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

[The following stanzas were suggested by the simple yet pleasing incident of a country morning walk. Inquiring my way of a little rustic maiden, gathering flowers by the way side, I discovered her to be an orphan; and that by selling them she obtained her livelihood. On my cautioning her of loitering in such lone haunt at a late hour, she thanked me; adding, to my great surprise, that she knew her parents would be displeased if she did so. "But, my poor child," said I, "you have lost them both, you say. "Ah! lady," she replied, "but they are with God Almighty now, who sees us always." Did she need my counsel after this? I passed on in silence.]

The dews were bright on the summer leaves,
For day-beams yet were young;
And golden light tinged the yellow sheaves,
That the wild flowers waved among;
When I wandered forth on my early way,
And joyful praise to Heaven
Pour'd from my heart, for the glorious day,
Creation's Lord had given.

There was Nature's music on the air,
That the heart must still respond;
Music that doth the soul prepare,
For that brighter world beyond:
There was bloom upon the wild hedge-row,
Sweet fancies to enthrall;
And a fair young face of childhood's glow,
The loveliest of all.

She was a little woodland maid,
Who gathering flowery store,
Oft wandered in the summer glade,
While her arm a basket bore:
She had no parents now, she said,
She had no sheltering home;
By flowers she strove to earn her bread,
For charity to roam.

This little maid was wond'rous fair,
Of years scarce turn'd eleven;
And like the opening blossoms there,
Glowing with tints from heaven:
But, oh! more precious from those eyes,
Than bloom of earth to see,
Was the light of soul that beam'd to rise
In its immortality.

Then that the charm of that lone wild,
Might not my steps betray;
I questioned of the woodland child,
My nearest homeward way.
"You're busy here, my little maid,"
Said I, "this early morn;"
"But of the hour of evening's shade,
"I fain your youth would warn."

"Tis thus," she said, "my parents both,
Full oft have counsell'd me;
"And I, kind lady, still am loth,
To make them grieve for me:
"For I know they are but gone before,
And we shall meet again;
"And guardian angels round my door
"Are they; and not in vain."

Wondering, I heard the orphan child,
Thus name the silent dead;
And as she prattled on, I smiled
At all she artless said:
For I thought as many a worldling then,
Of those removed from earth;
And the dim glance of human ken,
Saw not the nobler birth.

Said she, "When here, they made me read
"Full often at their side
"God's Holy Word; and bade me heed,
"For that to be my guide:
"And then I learnt, and now I know,
"God-fearers never die;
"And that still they view me as I go,
"From their blessed home on high.

"Therefore I feel I'm not alone,
"While thus my ways they see;
"Which in the woodland or the town,
"A comfort is to me:
"And they rejoice o'er me with love,
"When upon God I call;
"Because they are with Him above,
"The God that seeth all."

I since have mingled with the throng
Of many a sacred fane,
Where words that fell from wisdom's tongue,
Proved many a hearer's gain;
Oft to recal, with soothing thought,
That lonely rustic wild;
And the simple lesson, simply taught,
By the little woodland child.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

WILLIAM I. AND WILLIAM II.

WHAT a world of ideas rise in the mind at the word "Revolution." Bloodshed and war, individual suffering and national distress, the despotism of one party and the annihilation of another, the absence of order and discipline, the rule of the mob, instead of the government of men able in counsel, vigorous in action, and guided by enlightened principles; in short, at the approach of revolution is heard the knell of time-honoured institutions, and the funeral dirge of an era to be forgotten, save in connection with the mighty change which should raise on its ruins the structure intended in after ages to eclipse the glory of its predecessor. Some may probably say, what have these remarks to do with William the Conqueror? We shall trace their relation to the Norman invasion, in the commencement and completion of which, that monarch acted the most prominent part.

William the First was born in 1024. His energetic character and military qualities, even in his youth, foreshadowed the future greatness to which he attained; so that on the pilgrimage of his father, Robert of Normandy, to the Holy Land, the young duke administered the government. Tranquillity reigned in his dominions until the intelligence arrived of Robert's death, an opportunity embraced by the people of shaking off their allegiance from his son, and promoting the designs of the powerful aspiring rivals. William, however, in course of time not only subdued all opposition, but increased and consolidated his sway, so as to furnish him with the requisite means of accomplishing the grand enterprise of his life, the conquest of Britain.

The state of England for some few years before William's invasion, had been retrogressive rather than progressive. The Anglo-Saxons, feebly governed, divided by party factions, reduced to subjection by the Danes, and having no common object to obtain, suffered themselves to lapse into a listless quietude. Literature had lost its brightest ornaments, no men of learning rose up to supply the places of those who had once illuminated the world of letters, the church, which should have formed the public mentor and guide, became the tool of designing nobles, while the clergy were notorious for vice and illiteracy. Oh, that the spirit of the Venerable Bede and the erudition of Asser could have reanimated the representatives of the sacred office!

The death of Harold, the defeat of his army, and the triumph of William, came like a simoom upon the unfortunate English. They divided their allegiance, some supporting Prince Edgar, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, who for a short period occupied the throne; others, reposing no confidence in so incompetent a sovereign, aided the pretensions of Edwin and Morcar, the influential earls of Mercia and Northumberland; but the majority, thinking it most prudent to submit to the conqueror, swore fealty to William,—the crown was offered him; he accepted it, and was invested with the insignia of royalty in Westminster Abbey, on the Christmas-day of 1066. The coronation was a scene not only disgraceful but novel; the abbey was guarded by Norman soldiers, and the Archbishop of York having inquired of those English who were present, whether the duke's accession was in accordance with their feelings, the troops mistook the loud shouts of assent for hostility, and immediately commenced plundering and attacking the neighbourhood. William accelerated on the ceremony, and amidst the disturbances of Normans and English, took the usual

royal oath; in addition to which, he engaged to wield the sceptre as well and as justly as had been the case by his predecessors.

The King adopted in the outset of his reign a policy the very reverse of that pursued by Canute. The former conciliated the vanquished natives by generous though firm treatment, by an impartial administration of the law, and by maintaining strict discipline among his Norman troops; besides endeavouring to soften the animosity of feeling which subsisted between the English and their conquerors. The latter killed or banished those persons whose presence might weaken his power, and evinced little regard for the prejudices of his new subjects. Of course, William's measures gained the public support far more effectually than Canute's; but the short duration of so liberal a policy rendered his government ultimately less stable, less popular, and less conducive to the general weal than the Danish monarch's, whose rule, at first rigorous, afterwards became modified so as to promote the peace and happiness of his subjects. William having thus obtained the good-will of the English, sought to strengthen his supremacy, by erecting fortifications, one of which formed the Tower of London, garrisoning them with Norman soldiers, and bestowing the confiscated property belonging to the natives upon his countrymen. But while stating the nature of his measures for the maintenance of his authority, it is only fair that we should record his generous conduct towards Edgar. The fate of a prince deprived, through the ambition of others, of his ancestral possessions and regal prerogative, always excites pity and regret. How deep was the sympathy manifested for the pretenders of the Stuart race, and how comparatively large was the support which they received in their unfortunate and numerous attempts to gain the British crown. The treatment that they experienced from the governing powers was peculiarly harsh and unmerited; William considered a different policy to be the wiser, and therefore bestowed upon the descendant of the Anglo-Saxon royal family an estate befitting his quality, and extended to him the hand of friendship.

Scarcely three months after his coronation, the king visited Normandy, taking in his retinue many Englishmen of distinction, together with several trophies of his victory. During his absence, the sovereign functions were fulfilled by two Norman regents, men wholly incapable of guiding the helm of state in a juncture so critical, and on an occasion of so much popular excitement. Loud and repeated were the complaints of William's long stay; the English grew dissatisfied; the Normans, with no real controlling power exercised over them, allowed their rapacious inclinations to reign supreme; some of the people revolted, and sent an embassy to the Danish monarch to solicit his accession to the crown; while one Saxon chief, supported by the Welsh, reared the standard of opposition and defeated a division of the Normans. These events soon produced the King's return; he hastened from the Continent, subdued all rebellion, and again asserted his royal authority. William, however, found that his position as an usurper was peculiarly embarrassing; he had adopted a lenient as well as a rigorous policy, but both had failed in producing tranquillity. Insurrection, too, with the lapse of time, acquired new adherents; he resolved, therefore, to force submission at the point of the sword. Unwise decision! Instead of desolating the land with bloodshed and filling it with his countrymen, instead of raising the resistance of the English by harsh and unsuitable measures, he should have sought their confidence and allegiance by removing those obstacles that prevented the existence of good feeling between themselves and the Normans. They were a vanquished and a cruelly treated nation. Discontent naturally dwelt in their minds. The inhabitants of Durham and York assailed the Norman garrisons, so that William and the people were now drawn into an open contest. Edgar sided with the popular cause; the sons of Harold II., long in obscurity in Ireland, together with the King of Denmark's son, engaged to support the designs of the malcontents with large fleets. The King, on receiving this intelligence, swore to revenge their folly; and most unsparingly did he carry his threat into execu-

tion—the houses between the Tyne and the Humber being all levelled with the ground, the inhabitants mercilessly destroyed. Such was the termination of the Northumbrian revolt, the issue of which would have been less disastrous had the land and sea forces co-operated; but the latter, owing to some unaccountable mistake, proved of little assistance to the insurgents. The leaders, though defeated, were not disheartened. Hereward le Wake, alike distinguished for his bravery and patriotism, formed a fitting parallel to the intrepid Wallace, and fought the battle of independence through manifold dangers, alas! with little success. From his retreat in the Isle of Ely, he and his comrades sallied forth upon the Norman garrisons, bearing the banner of victory wherever they penetrated, till at last, by the treachery of some monks, their stronghold fell into William's grasp; all surrendered save the heroic chieftain and a few devoted adherents, who, flying from a spot which they could no longer call their own, avenged the cruelties inflicted upon their countrymen and waged war through accidents of "flood and fell." In the year 1076, William found his authority so firmly established, that he ventured again to pass over to Normandy, and there subdue the unnatural hostility that had arisen between himself and his eldest son, Robert, owing to the latter having claimed the Duchy of Normandy, in virtue of his father's promise, an obligation which the King now sought to repudiate. The dispute remained unsettled for several years, and would have continued so but for the singular circumstance of Robert's unknowingly wounding his father. In one of his sallies from the Castle of Gerberoi, Robert encountered an aged knight, whose helmet concealed his face, but whose voice proved to be that of his father. The son implored his forgiveness, which William at length granted, though anger and the thought that he had been vanquished by his own child somewhat retarded the reconciliation.

The rest of his reign was a series of war and desolation. The military ardor so prominent in earlier days still ran through the old monarch's veins; revenge still rankled in his bosom; he was ever in his element when mounted on his charger and leading his troops to the battle field, to victory and renown. It was at the burning of Mantes, while retaliating on the French King for having uttered a cutting sarcasm on William's cupidity, that the Conqueror received the wound from which he afterwards died. His horse trod on some hot embers, and plunged so violently that its wounded rider was borne from the scene of devastation to Rouen, where he expired on the 9th of September, 1087. Remorse and a wish to mitigate, if possible, the enormity of his life, induced the dying conqueror to request the performance of several acts, certainly deserving of admiration. He ordered that a donation should be bestowed upon the ecclesiastics of Mantes; that those places which had suffered from his desolating military enterprises should receive compensation; and that the imprisoned Saxon nobles should be released. Such were the last bequests of the usurper of the English throne, the successful warrior and the cruel sovereign. His body was buried at Caen, the spot where, four years previously, the remains of his queen, Matilda, the daughter of Baldwin Earl of Flanders, had been entombed. He left three sons, Robert, Duke of Normandy, William Rufus, and Henry, who succeeded to the crown which their father's prowess had acquired.

William the Conqueror has been celebrated chiefly for two things, the conquest of England and the establishment of feudalism. The former admits of no doubt, we have the relics of Norman customs and the presence of Norman families at the present day; but the latter we feel inclined to think was shadowed forth by the Germanic invaders, progressed with the Saxon institutions, and only waited for the edict of William to receive its completion. It is unreasonable to think that so important a system as the feudal, could have taken firm root during a reign of about twenty-one years; that the influence of a monarch disliked by all save his countrymen, should have been so weighty and extensive as to cause maturity of that which ages alone could have produced. William, however, carried out so fully the principles of feudalism, that his name will ever be associated with that system.

It may not be irrelevant to our purpose to make a few remarks on the effect of the Norman conquest upon England. Though its immediate result was extremely disastrous, its ultimate one proved beneficial. William's policy was too tyrannical, too sanguinary, too contracted, to allow the public mind the least liberty, and under such a government it is absurd to anticipate national progress. But after the load of despotism had been removed, the people, no longer fettered by the presence of the sword and of foreign troops, coalesced with the Normans, adopted in some degree their customs, and buried the animosity and revenge which had rankled in their bosoms since the memorable invasion of 1066. Many of the admirable traits in the English character, may, we think, with much truth be ascribed to an admixture of races. The Saxons were a far more adventurous, civilised nation than the British; they laid the foundation of the present form of government, and rude as it then was, no system equally good previously existed. The Danes, ever destructive, ever pillaging, and with few exceptions possessed of little that is noble or generous, infused into the English degree of energy and a love for maritime pursuits, to which they had before been strangers: while the Normans being both a polished and a military nation, introduced a new order of things and a higher grade of civilisation. So far these successive invasions proved beneficial to the land that formed the theatre of their battles. It is not, however, quite correct to attribute the origin of our constitution to any one circumstance; it has grown with, and adapted itself to the wants of the inhabitants; it has been modified by successive sovereigns and their counsellors; it has not been the work of a moment but of centuries.

The Norman conquest did much towards improving the state of English literature. The numerous learned ecclesiastics who left their Continental retreats, to fulfil the appointments bestowed upon them by the Norman kings, illumined the dreary condition in which the island had long laid. The sanctity of their lives, their refined manners and their extensive range of knowledge, presented a wonderful contrast to the laxity and general ignorance of the Saxon clergy. Bishops Lanfranc and Anselm (both foreigners) were truly an ornament to their adopted country; the former was a man of singular rectitude and piety, he exercised a very salutary influence over his imperious master, seeming neither fearful of his displeasure nor proud of his approbation. Anselm shone more as a public character, preaching energetically against the follies of the times and manifesting a watchful care over the welfare of religion.

Another favorable result arising from the conquest, was the restriction imposed upon the regal power, and the code of liberty ultimately obtained by the people. For a long period they had been treated as if they were mere machines, injustice had been heaped on injustice, oppression on oppression, and the Norman conquerors, particularly William I., considered their authority more securely established the more they suppressed the public voice. But the spring of tranquillity can bear only a certain pressure; it had been forced too much, and with its recoil the people demanded greater concessions than they would ever have pictured to their sober imaginations, save for the protracted restraint from which they had suffered. The non-enjoyment of popular right impelled them to require the charter so reluctantly granted by King John; it was this reason that brought Charles I. to the scaffold; and it is from the same cause, that every insurrection, every revolution arises, whose object is liberty and just government.

But we must again allude to the feudal system. Some may probably consider it as one of the worst consequences of the Norman conquest; for our part we have arrived at a different conclusion. The very nature of feudalism seems adapted to a barbarous age, when the rights of property were indistinctly recognised, when the power of the barons was in proportion to the extent and strength of their possessions, each of whom had to preserve his estate almost entirely by the dominion of arms, and when the love of fighting so much predominated over more peaceful pursuits. Even in the eighteenth century the

spirit of feudalism exists in a very large degree, simply from the circumstance, that money inevitably involves authority, and authority vassalage ; but with this grand distinction, that in the feudalism of old a kindly feeling subsisted between the lord and the serf, while in that of the present age, the employer derives all he can from his servant, caring little for his welfare, seeking only his personal aggrandisement. In fact, the lineaments of feudalism can be traced in the whole framework of society, its ramifications extend more or less to every community, though many of the most prominent and pernicious points involved in the system have been modified by the ever-spreading tide of knowledge.

William and Canute were both usurpers, but how different their lives ! the one was hated, the other beloved by the English ; the one provoked, the other conciliated the people ; the one observed a narrow, sanguinary policy, the other a liberal and enlightened policy. William possessed, however, a few commendable traits : he was a brave and skilful warrior, he knew how to govern with equity and wisdom—though, unfortunately for Britain, the numerous rebellions so prevalent during his reign, rendered him distrustful of his subjects and engendered in him such a revengeful spirit, that he determined to repress internal insurrection by adopting a course of cruelty and rapacity. He had talents of a very high order, but they were diverted from the channel of wise administration to the tortuous track of expediency. For so remote an age he was exceedingly virtuous ; he manifested none of the vices which enjoyed such undisputed sway over many of his contemporaries. He it was who ordered the compilation of that great national work, the *Doomsday Book*, the contents of which, have furnished a lasting record of the state of England in the eleventh century. Thus far we are willing to accord him the meed of praise. But, if we view the reverse side, we find much deserving of censure : the introduction of the curfew bell, a measure altogether unjustifiable and destructive of freedom ; the appointment of Normans to every office, both civil and ecclesiastical, necessarily excluding the equally competent natives ; the generally harsh treatment experienced by the English ; the imprisonment of Morcar, with many others, and the beheading of Waltheof, one of the Saxon patriots,—all these circumstances exhibit William's real character. The words with which he raised the ardor of his troops on the eve of the battle of Hastings furnish us with some clue to the conqueror's disposition :—" Soldiers, you are to gain a rich booty ! If I become king you will be the owners of the land : vengeance and plunder are before you. You are to punish the perjury of the English. They killed our kinsmen the Danes and massacred the followers of Prince Alfred. Before you is the son of that same Godwin who murdered my unfortunate cousin, Alfred !" We can easily fancy what an effect this language had upon the Normans, and how much it tended to produce the victory for which William has been renowned.

It may naturally be expected that several opinions have been expressed with reference to a monarch so remarkable as was the Norman duke. By his countrymen he has been highly extolled ; by Englishmen usually loaded with opprobrium. Of course, many reasons must have existed for arriving at such different conclusions, the opposite nature of which, seems to imply that neither can be correct ; while the truth most probably lies somewhere in the middle course. We may safely assert that he possessed qualities both good and bad, but that the latter largely preponderated. Could we but lift the veil that shrouds the past, and witness the ambitious warrior commanding his ranks to charge the brave people who were spending their last blood in defending their native land and their hereditary rights from the sword of an unprincipled invader ; could we but survey the misery and distress which arose from his tyrannical reign ; could we but realise the idea that he was a usurper, who treated the conquered inhabitants like animals, and who trampled upon every right, human or divine, which obstructed the march of his ambition, then we have made some progress towards understanding the character of William the

Conqueror. The fact is notorious that he achieved his unenviable immortality on the field of battle, and by the desolation of England.

The crown now reverted to William II., the late king's second son, who, before his death, hastened from Rouen to secure the throne, to which his father had nominated him. The ceremony of coronation was performed by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury (one of his warmest supporters), in Westminster Abbey, on the 27th September, 1087. He was born in Normandy several years prior to the invasion of 1066, and inherited his father's military qualities, though endowed with few of his virtues. Soon after his accession, a rebellion broke out, headed by his uncle Odo, a man who concealed, under the guise of an ecclesiastic, great ambition and energy of character; the object of which was to dethrone William and substitute his elder brother, then Duke of Normandy. The preparations assumed rather a formidable aspect. Robert's confederates simultaneously raised his standard in several counties, so that the English monarch deemed it prudent to collect a large army, with which, however, he met and defeated the insurgents. Though success generally favoured the British arms, the victory of the battle field did not render the country tranquil. William's administration was so oppressive to all, save those who promoted his greedy policy, that the people were necessarily provoked to hostility; besides which, a considerable number of them had entered his ranks, and fought with bravery in the late contest with Duke Robert's adherents, on condition that their grievances were redressed. The king failed to perform this sacred promise: hence arose the many disturbances which subverted the peace of his reign. The Welsh and Scotch harassed his dominions, while several disputes with his brothers Robert and Henry required his presence in Normandy, and thus diverted the attention which should have been devoted to England. At last, these disgraceful Continental broils were terminated by the departure of Robert for Palestine, at the time when those singular and romantic institutions, known as the crusades, excited the enthusiasm and ambition of nearly every European sovereign. The Norman duke could not gratify his partly religious, partly chivalrous desires, except by obtaining a sufficient sum of money to meet the exigencies of so vast an enterprise. He therefore mortgaged his ancestral dominions to William, on receiving ten thousand marks,* which, having been extorted from his already hard-taxed subjects, in 1096 the English monarch set sail for Normandy; Robert joined the crusades, and Henry repaired to his brother's court.

The crusades engaged the attention of the whole civilised world for nearly two centuries. Their nature was so remarkable, their tendency so beneficial, that we shall devote a few lines to their consideration; premising, however, that justice cannot be rendered to a subject of such magnitude and importance in a cursory glance like the present.

The crusades originated in the representations of Peter the Hermit, a native of Picardy, returned from Jerusalem, and of Pope Urban II., who, at the celebrated council of Clermont, held in November, 1095, addressed a large number of bishops and abbots there assembled, touching the cruelties inflicted by the Mussulman potentates of Syria upon the holy pilgrims who had resorted almost from time immemorial to the sepulchre of Christ. The energetic pontiff, after alluding to the errors into which the clergy as well as the people had fallen, inveighed against the frequent aggressions of the Turks, at the same time pointed out the mode by which the people's sins could be expiated—namely, by joining the crusaders' standard, and thus avenging the oppressive conduct pursued by the infidels. The enthusiastic Urban exhorted them in these words:—"Putting an end to your crimes, then, that Christians may at least live peacefully in this country, go and employ in nobler warfare that valour and that sagacity which you used to waste in civil broils. Go, soldiers, everywhere renowned in fame, go and subdue these dastardly nations. ***

* A mark was equal to thirteen shillings and fourpence.

Rid God's sanctuary of the wicked; expel the robbers; bring in the pious. * * * Let no love of relations detain you; let no attachment to your native soil be an impediment. * * * * Let none be restrained from going by the largeness of his patrimony, for a still larger is promised him; not of such things as soothe the miserable with vain expectation, or flatter the indolent disposition with the mean advantages of wealth, but of such as are shown by perpetual example, and approved by daily experience. * * * * And what can be greater happiness, than to see those places with which the Lord of Heaven was conversant as a man?"* These sentiments were loudly applauded, several of those present evincing their warm approbation of, and devotion to, the gigantic enterprise, by immediately enrolling themselves among the supporters of the crusaders' mission. The ardent desire to follow this example extended to all ranks, and pervaded every section of the community; no country was so remote, no people so barbarous, as not to participate in the sacred ambition of wresting Palestine from the grasp of the Turks. At length the spring of the year 1096 dawned upon the sanguine adherents of the cross, more than six millions of whom assumed that badge, and thus identified themselves with the crusaders.* The utmost privations were endured in order to join the holy pilgrimage; the young and the old, the feeble and the strong, the indigent and the affluent, all exhibited their devotion and unity of purpose—by enlisting under the same banner. The month of March arrived, the countless throngs left their homes, to which most of them, alas! were never destined to return—to carry the Christian faith into the land of the East, to avenge the cruelties practised upon their countrymen, and to obtain possession of that spot which their religious fervour had invested with transcendent interest. Every nation contributed to swell the crusaders' ranks; among them might be seen, the French and the Italians, the Normans and the Danes, the Norwegians and the Saxons, the English and the Germans, the Welsh and the Scotch. Their leaders, too, comprised men of talent and enthusiasm, of influence and renown. Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, Aimar, Bishop of Puy, Robert of Normandy, Stephen and Robert Earls of Flanders and Blois, with many others of equal celebrity. The Christian army followed different routes to the Holy Land, but the major part re-assembled at Constantinople, from whence they pushed on to Palestine, besieging in their course those cities which might prove a barrier to their progress. Inevitably large numbers perished on the march, and from the effects of the several encounters with hostile nations, so that their forces were considerably reduced ere they reached the walls of Jerusalem. But those that remained were embued with the religious spirit which had borne them through extraordinary dangers; they had passed through a fearful ordeal; the sacred city lay before their gaze, and they longed to possess the object which had animated their hopes during a pilgrimage of more than three years. On the 14th of July, 1099, after an obstinate resistance on the part of the inhabitants, and a dreadful slaughter on both sides, the capital yielded to the bravery and superiority of the invaders. Scarcely was the victory achieved, than the conquerors, though excited with fierce passions, their bodies covered with gore, fell on their knees to acknowledge the Supreme Power, and, with tears of contrition, to worship at the tomb of their Lord. What a strange spectacle it must have been, to have witnessed the army of crusaders lifting their voices in adoration and prayer, and gazing with eager yet perfect pleasure on the shrine of the Holy Being, for whose cause they had left their native land, had suffered momentous disasters, and surmounted manifold difficulties. They had now succeeded in accomplishing that in which all, save religious enthusiasts, would have signally failed. Such was the result of the harangues of Peter the Hermit and Urban the Second.

Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, was appointed, by general consent, the first

* William of Malmesbury's Chronicle.

Christian King of Jerusalem. No commander more able, no prince more popular, or more free from the vices which stained the track of the crusaders, could have been selected; but, ere his guiding genius had time to display its evolutions, he was obliged to yield his dominions to the Pope's legate. This measure, in connection with the division of Syria and Palestine into four distinct principalities, ultimately annihilated the existence of the Christian sway, which had been asserted at the cost of such prodigious bloodshed, and which at one period extended from the borders of Egypt to the Euphrates and Mount Taurus.

But we must pass on to notice the decline and fall of the crusades. Truly it is a mournful task to record the failure of four successive enterprises, unparalleled in numbers, in bravery, and in enthusiasm. The second crusade, collected by the eloquent address of St. Bernard, left Europe in 1147: the third in 1187 led by Frederick Barbarossa, Philip Augustus, and Richard Cœur de Lion, the sovereigns of Germany, France, and England: the fourth in 1202: the last in 1248, headed by Louis IX, the French monarch; all these met with the same fate. Neither the zeal of the popes, the heroism of the commanders, nor the devotion of the army, could avert the disasters that were almost their constant attendants. The celebrated Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, in 1187 vanquished the followers of the cross, so that the capital fell within his power. But the crusaders under the intrepid Richard in 1192, defeated the sultan at the battle of Ascalon; a victory which, though decisive, served not to restore the former supremacy of the Christians. The revolution in 1227, of which Gengis Khan, the founder of the Mogul Empire, was the leader, struck the death-blow of the European power in Palestine. Towards the close of the thirteenth century, not a vestige remained in the hands of the crusaders of the Asiatic dominions that had once acknowledged their authority; the followers of Mahomet again erected their mosques in the very city which had lately been the resting-place of pilgrims, and to which myriads of people had journeyed, borne on by the blind but intense zeal engendered by the mystic religion of the middle ages.

On the smouldering ruins of the crusades, arose an altered state of society, a predilection towards commercial pursuits, a purer form of religion—in fact, a complete regeneration of the old system which had for years pervaded Europe. Chivalry did not receive its birth from these enterprises: it had existed long before, but from them it met with a very powerful impetus. It seems to have originated among the Moors or Normans, from the exalted opinion that the Gothic nation entertained of the female sex, and from the profession of arms being the only field on which ambition and nobility could be displayed. Feudalism was eminently calculated to develop, if not to produce chivalry. The knight initiated into the duties that this system imposed, sallied forth in search of adventures—a desideratum which the crusades furnished to the fullest extent—and he who returned after accomplishing the most daring feats, was sure of receiving the flattery and favor of his mistress. Can it be a matter of surprise, then, that an enterprise combining the two elements of our nature, religion and a love of fame, should attract the support of the peasant and the monk, the knight and the bishop, the baron and the pope, the prince and the king?

The beneficial results which flowed from the crusades may be mentioned in a few words: they disseminated knowledge by attracting together the learned of all nations—they modified the injurious parts of the feudal system by the distribution of property—they opened up commerce with the Italian and neighbouring states, which soon extended to Britain, thus laying the foundation of her vast trading community—and they contributed eventually to lessen the papal power, by exhibiting the weakness and follies of those who sat on the Pontifical throne. But these advantages were not obtained except at an enormous cost. The lives of more than two millions of Europeans perished in the crusaders' wars: deeds of barbarism and cruelty disgraced their progress: and under the sad guise of chivalry and honour, the most atrocious acts were perpetrated. The spirit of chivalry, however, has not entirely fled from society. Its rank luxu-

riance has been supplanted by a rich and refined verdure, its armour-clad warriors have been succeeded by a race of men, though not embued with that wild, unreasonable spirit which characterised its chieftains of yore, yet distinguished by all those admirable features that existed so conspicuously in the ancient knighthood.

But from this long digression, we must pass on to record the last years of William Rufus. Passionately fond of the pleasures of the chase, he received a mortal wound in the New Forest, while hunting with Sir Walter Tyrrell; the arrow of his companion missing aim, buried itself in the King's chest, who falling from his horse upon the projecting end of the missile, thus hastened his death. Sir Walter rode up to the corpse of his master, but life having fled, he hurried from the tragic scene to his native land. This event (which occurred in August, 1100), excited little notice; his body was conveyed in a cart to Winchester Cathedral, and there deposited, attended by few, unlamented by none.

The character of William Rufus is singularly devoid of any features the presence of which, would relieve its ruggedness, and render it worthy of admiration. He resembled a picture formed of a dense mass of uninteresting dark colouring, with no harmonious intermixture of light and shade—nothing to attract the eye or please the taste. During a reign of thirteen years, he gained neither the respect of his people, nor contributed to the prosperity of his dominions. Rather the reverse: his policy was based on taxation and extortion: his private life exemplified most fully the coarse, barbarous, and vicious habits prevailing in the darkest ages of England's history. Not content with ruling over Britain and Normandy, his greedy ambition contemplated acquiring other Continental dominions; while his love for riches induced him to appropriate the emoluments attached to no less than three bishoprics and twelve abbeys. Sad was the day for England, which witnessed the death of Archbishop Lanfranc. His restraining influence over William averted many a prejudicial measure; his learning and piety rendered him a popular and distinguished prelate; his decease removed the last obstacle which impeded the King's exercise of his uncontrolled authority and aggrandising propensities.

THE TRAVELLER'S APPROACH TO GREECE.

By NICHOLAS MICHELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED," &c.

Blow, west winds! blow, our onward course to urge,
Swift cleave, thou gallant bark! the bounding surge;
Spread, Heaven! your bluest, tenderest tints on high,
As Love himself were winging down the sky;
Shine forth, thou sun! great nature's central soul;
Whisper, ye waves! soft music as ye roll;
For, lo! the seas, the haunted seas, that foam
Round Græcia's shores, once Fame and Glory's home!

High o'er the billows Sunium glances now,
Its airy temple gleaming on its brow;
Fair peak! the first, the last, to greet the eyes
Of those who sail beneath blue Attic skies,
How many a banished Greek, in ancient days,
Hath viewed yon rocks with sadly-wistful gaze!

There Cimon looked in silence ; o'er those seas
Heav'd many a sigh the wronged Themistocles ;
And he whom gold ne'er tempted, fear ne'er moved,*
Exiled by foes he saved, by friends he loved,
Prayed for the land fast fading from his view,
Gazed, while his veteran soul all weakness grew,
Called on the Gods—ah ! not to curse, but bless,
'Til blinding tears relieved his heart's distress.
What, though no more on Sunium's sacred steep
Altars shall blaze, and light the midnight deep,
Or hymns resound at morning's opening smile,
Answered by songs from lonely Helen's isle,
While clouds of incense, floating through the calm,
Sweeten the sea, and fill all heaven with balm ;
Those snow-white columns ages still shall brave,
Charm seamen's eyes, and gleam across the wave,
Dead Art's sweet spirit watching on that shore,
Which Glory owns, and Gods protect no more.†

Rise, child of sadness ! stay the fruitless tear,
And mark the scene that burst upon thee here ;
Silence may brood, and haggard Ruin reign,
On many a templed height, and citied plain ;
Yet Fancy's spell can call up forms of yore,
Rebuild the shrine, and people every shore ;
From Salamis, on freshening breezes borne,
Sounds not the conquering Greek's exulting horn ?
Where far Parnassus courts the western beam,
Rough sire of woods, dark source of many a stream,
Walk not the Aönian Sisters, hand in hand,
Breathing bright genius o'er their favoured land ?
Hark ! 'neath yon rocks that breast Piræus' bay,
Crowned by a tomb with moss and ages gray,
Sing not soft airs the Nereids of the deep,
To charm the hero's long unbroken sleep ?
Decking the turf with coral flowers and shells,
While through his caves old Ocean's requiem swells.‡

Oh, land of Solon, Plato, and of men
Whose glorious like earth ne'er shall see again !
Thou art not dead ; thy every plain and hill,
Send forth a voice, and teem with spirit still.
What though no more they teach, with valour burn,
Thy sage and warrior breathe from out the urn ;
And each lone wreck that moss and ivies bind,
Points to bright days, and speaks of deathless mind.

* Aristides, the Just.

† Fifteen columns of the whitest Pentelic marble, each 45 feet high, remain of the once fine Doric temple of Minerva Sunias. This structure was erected at the same period as the Parthenon at Athens, b. c. 448 ; and the ruins, perched on the bold promontory of Sunium, present a striking and beautiful spectacle from the sea.

‡ The tomb of Themistocles is situated on the south side of the harbour of Piræus. It is a square stone, resting on a simple base, but the *soros*, which once crowned the sepulchre, has long disappeared.

THE BROKEN OAR.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

I QUITTED Tours just as the eve was falling—the eve of a clear, cool day—a day of singular mildness and beauty for the season, but which had followed many weeks of almost continuous wet and stormy weather.

I had crossed the noble bridge that spans the Loire, at the entrance of the city, and turning to my left, I followed the course of the river towards the neighbouring village of St. Cyr. Never had so much rain been known to fall throughout Touraine, as had fallen within the last month, and this rain had latterly been accompanied by weather unseasonably mild, which had melted the snows of Mont Mézéne, and thus contributed to swell the waters of the Loire to an unprecedented height.

Now that majestic river was filled to the utmost extent of its vast bed, and, as I pursued my way along the top of the Levée, or high raised dyke, that confines the stream within its bounds, the waters that ordinarily were many feet below the causeway, now rose to within a yard of its level.

Looking back I saw the white and magnificent arches of the bridge filled to more than half their depth by the rushing stream. I saw the islands above and below the city nearly submerged; while the city itself seemed to sit upon the very breast of the torrent. The lofty towers of its cathedrals; the massive buildings of the museum and of the Hotel de Ville, rising, as it were, from a rapid sea, which seemed actually to lave the very feet of the lime trees and the poplars that bordered the boulevards.

Overhead the sky was clear, bathed in the golden light peculiar to that delightful climate. The wind had fallen and all around bore token of a morrow as glorious as the eve just darkening into twilight. But, far away up the river might be noticed a dark heavy haze, very near the horizon, so as scarcely to interfere with the general effect of a bright and promising sunset, but still visible between the stems of the tall naked poplars, and showing darkly behind the pure outline of the stately bridge. I wandered on, enjoying the beauty and the calmness of the eve, thinking nothing of the dark haze, it was so indistinct and so distant.

Upon the surface of the swollen stream a few boats were plying; the ferryman was labouring across the river from the landing, half-way between Tours and St. Cyr, as I approached his wonted station; and watching his laborious but successful efforts inspired me with a wish to bathe, as he was doing, with the strong torrent. Accordingly I descended the steps and entered a boat I was in the habit of occasionally hiring for the purpose of enjoying a water excursion. I sprang into it, then, holding by one of the posts of the landing, I unfastened the chain that bound it, and taking the oars in my hands let go my former hold, pushed from the shore, and shot forth upon the breast of the river.

But I was ignorant of the exceeding strength of the stream; I found I could neither make way against nor even cross it. I was in a moment whirled into its centre and borne rapidly down.

I soon recovered sufficiently to be enabled to steer myself gradually near the shore, with the intention of landing immediately I found it practicable to do so; but just as I appeared to be upon the point of effecting this one of my oars suddenly snapped in twain, leaving me completely at the mercy of the torrent.

For a moment I swept along with an inconceivable swiftness, then the river flung me on the shore, beneath the high rocks of St. Cyr.

The moment I felt the boat touch land I sprang forth, reached the beach in safety, and turned quickly to endeavour to draw my boat beyond the reach of

the waves ; but in this last attempt I was unsuccessful, the return of the torrent swept it away. It was now nearly dark, but I could perceive the exact position I occupied ; I was close to the private landing-place of the Chateau St. Cyr, beneath the shadow of its lofty walls. It was an easy matter for me to discover the flight of steps leading up the face of the Levée, to cross it, and to ascend the broken and rocky surface beyond. I did so with the intention of returning to Tours through the vineyards upon the heights of St. Cyr. But a strange circumstance delayed me. St. Cyr stands upon a rocky height, which ascends abruptly from the river. At the foot of this height runs the Levée, formed upon the rough *débris* there collected and surmounted by the broad and firm highway.

The Levée is a noble work, commenced previous to the reign of Charlemagne, and continued and augmented by many succeeding monarchs ; it is now complete, and has for those many hundreds of years formed a defence rarely found inadequate to the protection of the rich valley of Touraine from the outbreaks of this furious river—this “revolutionary torrent,” as the fiercest leader of the revolution pronounced it to be.

The Levée commences near Blois, and continues its course on both sides of the Loire for upwards of a hundred miles. It is pierced beneath with small drains and other outlets for the waters from the towns, villages, and chateaus it passes, and close beside the landing-place of the chateau of St. Cyr I had observed more than one of these openings. One especially, which was faced with ancient masonry, and bore the marks of having once possessed a strong door or gate, I had concluded to have existed ever since the days when the heights of St. Cyr were crowned with the stern battlements of a feudal castle. The castle had been long replaced by a more modern chateau, but the flight of steps ascending the face of the Levée was evidently very old and the ancient walls of the castle, part of the principal entrance—and other ruins and remnants still remained. The chateau belonged to the Count de G——; it still belongs to him,—he is the representative of an honourable and ancient race, but his possessions are no longer equivalent to the support of his name and the renown of his lineage.

The count possesses a small situation about the court, and passes much of his time in Paris, living *en garçon*. He is a widower ; his only son is in a cuirassier regiment, whose colonel was a royal duke. His four lovely daughters remain under the charge of an aged *gouvernante*, awaiting, in the chateau of St. Cyr, until their father has it in his power to procure for them suitable alliances. Poor girls ! they have little chance of happiness—none of prosperity—for in France few portionless damsels, however fair, are sought in marriage.

I had heard of the beauty and forlorn position of these young ladies, but I had never chanced to see them—although with the hope of meeting them I had often taken the road I took to-night.

I had crossed the highway on the summit of the Levée and had just commenced the ascent along the broken steps conducting up the height of the gate to the chateau and to the pathway above, when I saw, gleaming through an almost imperceptible crevice in the surface of the rock, a sudden flash of light.

It was quite dark—a few glimmering stars were in the sky, but there was no moon ; and the haze I have already mentioned had increased in extent and in intensity, and was gradually creeping upwards until it threatened to overspread the whole face of the late so radiant heaven. I stooped to examine the spot whence the light proceeded—I now perceived that the rocks had been so washed by the torrents of rain as to be laid completely bare of earth in many parts ; the fissure I have alluded to had been doubtless thus exposed.

I knelt, and laid my face to the ground ;—judge of my astonishment at the scene that presented itself as I placed my eyes to the opening in the rock—I looked down into a cave, deep and wide, and extending far back, hewn partly out of solid rock, partly built of and supported by massive and ancient masonry.

One entrance was evidently the mouth of the aperture I had observed beside the landing place, for the river, as it rushed past, forced a portion of its waters within the cave; so that they broke in small rippling waves upon the floor of stone, forming a tiny bay just within the cavern's mouth. The other end stretched into darkness, and seemed to terminate in a flight of stone steps which doubtless opened upon those outside conducting to the gate of the chateau. Evidently, this cavern formed a remnant of the fortifications or secret outlet of the old ruined castle, and was probably known to few save the members of the family to whom St. Cyr now appertained.

Seated in the centre of the cave, upon a huge stone that had probably fallen from the walls, yet which appeared to have lain there for ages, was a young lady—a lady of surpassing beauty. Beside her was a lamp, from which the gleams were emitted that first attracted my attention; she was gazing earnestly towards the mouth of the cave, and she was evidently listening with the keenest anxiety. She was clad in a dark, rich dress, her graceful form enveloped in a large shawl; she wore no bonnet, but had thrown on one side a 'kerchief and a mantle edged with fur, with which it appeared probable she had enveloped herself ere hurrying to this strange place of rendezvous. Over the dark dress, over the rich shawl, clustering round the lofty, slender, snow-white throat, and waving beside the pure pale cheek, fell a shower of golden ringlets,—all else was fair, but the beauty of that abundant hair exceeded all that I had ever seen.

She rose, and I saw that she was tall; she moved a few paces, and I saw she was graceful as she was lovely. I gazed for some moments, wrapped in admiration. At last she started; she heard some sound that warned her of some longed-for approach, and a beautiful blush suffused her countenance, a happy light danced and sparkled in her eyes. I raised my head to listen; as I did so, I caught sight of a boat, borne swiftly down the stream, whose occupant was guiding it skilfully towards the shore, and just as I observed him succeeded in driving it ashore beside the landing-place of the Chateau St. Cyr. Another moment, and he strode into the cave, entering by the aperture I had noticed—another moment, and she was in his arms. Impelled by some feeling unaccountable to myself, I remained to spy their movements; yet I felt conscious all the while there was something unworthy in such conduct, although unable to resist the impulse that swayed me. I could hear every word they said. The stranger I recognised; he was one of the officers of the regiment of hussars then quartered at Tours; he was a nobleman, and was understood to be affianced to the rich heiress of one of the wealthiest financiers of the capital of France. He was very handsome and distinguished in appearance; as they stood side by side, gazing fondly in each other's faces, I thought I had never seen so well-matched a couple. Perhaps it was the knowledge I had of the engagement elsewhere of the young nobleman that, filling me with an idea of treachery or falsehood, kept me chained to the spot, watching all that passed with an unaccountable dread and uneasiness. He spoke first.

"Dearest, your river is most unmanageable to-night, never have I felt the stream so strong; I, who have taken the same course for so many nights in so many moods of weather, to-night I was fairly swept away, and I must not attempt to return by water."

"Is it so?" she said, in a sweet and silvery voice. "Ah! I noticed the dark haze again gathering up the river,—there will be more rain, Alphonse, and it will soon fall."

"And if it does, dearest," he replied, "our meetings *here* will be prevented; for if the river rises another foot—nay, or half a foot, this cave will be filled, and probably the whole Levée itself may give way before such an accumulation of waters."

I raised my head as he spoke, looking at the water with instinctive apprehension; a change had already taken place—the dark haze now hung over the city, a violent wind had arisen, and it came bellowing after the swollen river, washing it into tawny waves, and forcing the vast bodies of water downwards with

even an added rapidity. And through the roaring of the wind and waves there seemed to sound another noise, deeper, though not so loud, as of distant thunder, or as of a distant cataract bearing down its rocky barrier and spreading itself in destruction over valleys below. This noise *they* could not hear.

"Don Alphonse," she said, replying to his last remark, and hiding her bright face in his bosom, "my father will be here to-morrow: yesterday he quitted Paris; to-morrow—and these clandestine meetings may cease for ever."

As she spoke the last words of this sentence, she raised her head proudly, as though deprecating the ideas conveyed by the word "clandestine;" it was impossible for her not to notice the change of expression on his face that followed her words. He looked dismayed, puzzled, discomfited; that one sentence, and that one glance, told me much—he had deceived her in the belief of his freedom from other ties; she had received him in the hope of his honourable intentions—in the certainty of his truth and love.

"To-morrow, my love," he stammered, "to-morrow, alas! I am forced to quit Tours for Paris."

She started from him.

"Paris?—and you would leave me—leave me without an explanation with my father—leave me now!"

"Only for a time," he said, hurriedly; "my father commands my presence—but I go, dearest, in the hope of obtaining his consent to our—to our union."

"He spoke with hesitation," she answered fiercely, "Why should he refuse?"

"Nay, fathers are often stubborn; and your want of portion, my angel."

She turned from him, burying her face in her hands. I could not repeat all that followed—her agony was great—he trembled as he watched its workings upon her ashy countenance. I could see that he pitied the poor victim of his deceit, I could see he felt some remorse. He also saw that she did not believe his protestations; that she scorned his falsehood even while her heart bled from all the wounds of disappointed love; it was a terrible, terrible scene. She reminded him of all his vows and promises—she traced the course of their love—she upbraided him with his falsehood. And whenever he replied, vouching for the truth of his tale, she showed him that she had noticed how he had spoken of *future meetings* until he had heard of the expected arrival of her father, then had declared that on the morrow they must *part*. He made no reply to this, the falsehood was too apparent.

"You blame me now," at last he said; "but the day will come when you shall see that you have wronged me; at least let us part friends," and he took her hand. She looked in his face with a long mournful gaze—a look beneath the intensity of which his eyes sunk, while her face seemed whitening into stone.

At this moment a wild cry broke upon my ears, "The river! the river!"

Along the Levée many were now hurrying; it was the eve of the great floods of 1847. They could not hear the cry, but they saw and both started as they saw the waters rapidly pouring into the cave and even ascending to the very stone on which she had been seated. He sprang towards the entrance. "My boat is gone!" he exclaimed, "torn away with the posts to which it was attached. "See!" he continued with energy, "I cannot pass this way—the torrent already covers all the beach—I could not swim one moment against that stream." She smiled. "You are safe," she said, in tones of some contempt. "You shall return as I came; it must be ventured for once." Reassured, he turned again towards her, kissing her hand with affected warmth. "We shall yet be happy, dearest Clotilde,—do not forget me. See! here is a ring, wear it for my sake; a sapphire—blue—the colour of constancy." He placed it on her cold, colourless hand—she gazed at it for a moment—then she muttered in low strange tones: "This may be your last love-passage." "Nay," he answered, with an affected rapture, "let us hope we shall often—often meet again—may this be but the beginning of our love passages." "It is time," she said, as a wave flowing into the cave actually surrounded their feet. "It is time; take the lamp, hold it up for a space, or it will be extinguished. I will speed up the

steps and unlock the door above; and, if I see no one near to notice us, I will call you—when I call *come quickly*," she added, with peculiar emphasis.

She turned and fled up the steps at the further end; now the water was breaking even against them; another moment, and she rose between me and the faint grey sky, rising as it were, from the very bowels of the earth; and she stood and looked across the raging waste of waters. But she had first closed the door by which she issued forth, and I heard her withdraw the key. She was close to me; but it was so dark that my prostrate form was, doubtless, undistinguishable, for she was evidently quite unaware of my neighbourhood. For a moment she stood and watched the river roaring past, tawny and foaming like the sea. The lights of the city reflected in broken glimmer on its disturbed surface, while through the gloom we could distinguish many a dark mass hurried past, awful evidences of the devastation already wrought above. And now a faint glimpse of moonlight struggled through the grey clouds and fell upon her face, from which the wild blast was lifting those rich bright tresses—that glory of golden hair; she stooped forward, and the tresses fell forward also, flowing downwards like a silky veil. She stooped to look at the sapphire ring,—she had drawn it from her hand. I, too, saw the moonlight gleam upon the beautiful blue colour of the gem, sparkling for a moment ere she cast it forth, flinging it far away into the river beneath her feet.

Now the moon retreated, and I could only see that with a gesture full of despair she raised her hands and eyes to heaven, flinging back the long locks from the face they shaded. And at this moment a loud despairing cry—an agonised yell for succour—arose from beneath her feet—from Alphonse. She started, struck her foot as if in defiance upon the roof of the cave, and rushed with the speed of a startled deer up the steps that led to the chateau. I had divined her object; I flew to the spot whence she had issued from the cavern; I would fain have saved Alphonse, false lover as he was. I found the door, hidden beneath a curtain of ivy, but it was fastened, and not the strength of ten men could have wrenched those staples, or forced those ponderous locks.

I did not speak to Alphonse, but I dashed myself rather than ran down the rocks to the highway, calling aloud for help; but my voice was mingled with that of many others, echoing the same wild words, with the louder voice of the storm and of the waves.

"There is one drowning," I cried, as again I heard, or fancied I heard, the shrieks of the imprisoned and perishing Alphonse—his vain struggles with the powerful waters surrounding him, his prayers to *her* for mercy.

But his agony was short; ere I could reach again the summit of the cavern, the furious Loire had filled it; portions of the dyke were momently falling, with loud crashes, into the river; and as I fled for my life up the heights of St. Cyr, I thought I recognised, in a dark form borne rapidly down the stream, the body of the young hussar. That was the night of the great floods—floods which laid the whole valley waste, which cost the lives of many, and plunged thousands into the deepest distress.

Much commiseration was felt and expressed when the body of the young Alphonse was found, at the subsiding of the waters; no wonder was shown at the occurrence, for he was often on the river, and I only knew by what strange lot he died. And I read in the *Galigrani* of to-day, that the beautiful daughter of the Count de G———, Clotilde, having completed her year's novitiate, has been admitted a member of the sisterhood of the Ursulines, under the sternest and most rigid abbess of that sad and severe order.

The English nation of taste and art looks to him—evokes no bad smile but respects his judgment. After all, nothing more than I write—now has interested me; and, indeed, the world's best books have been translated.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL MIRROR.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The only novelty here is the continuous success. The public appetite would seem to grow by what it feeds upon—variety is not needed—new works would be supererogatory. Like the sorcerer in the "Arabian Nights," old lamps are preferred to new ones. The Figlia and the Amina, the Lucia and Susanna, are the lyrical *pas de quatre*; to these the thousand throng to listen, never sated; to these the public has subscribed its loyal adhesion, and no sum in gold is deemed too great to purchase the privilege of listening to the notes issued at the Haymarket Bank. The opera of the month has been *Le Nozze di Figaro*, musically speaking, the greatest work of Mozart. Wherefore it has been styled a comic opera we could never guess, for with the exception of the "Non piu andrai," there is scarcely a bar in the entire score that is not positively imbued with the deepest sentiment, and the delicatest feeling; it is throughout voluptuous, and "breathes odours pregnant with the sunny south." The spirit of Beaumarchais has evaporated, and for his sparkling wit, and world-knowledge, we have the tenderness and sensibility of Mozart; and, if we must speak our truth, a rather monotonous lyrical reflection. Yet is there no other operatic work extant that possesses so many beauties of melody, an equal amount of harmonious combinations, or so great skill of scientific construction. In these respects it is not alone faultless, but super-eminent. There cannot be discovered throughout one bar that may be considered as *remplisage*; the various sentiments of the various characters are truthfully interpreted, and the concerted pieces are perfect examples of providing each personage with appropriate musical phraseology—the musical expression and the dramatic intention are fused into each other. The orchestration is never separated from the vocal subject—they are intertwined, inseparable—the beauty of the flower, and its exquisite odour, are born of each other; and in this lies the mystery of Mozart's might. The fashion which singers who pride themselves upon their Mozartian spirit follow of denuding arias of all and every embellishment has been, we think, carried to too great excess. We would not desire an elaboration of extrinsic ornament, yet we feel that Mozart never contemplated nor desired his beautiful conceptions to be stripped of all vocal graces. And yet, in the present defective musical education of vocalists, the barrenness of all ornament is to be preferred to *pointes d'orgue*, not resulting from the positive chord. Mozart adventured when the disciples of harmony were in positive antagonism with the lovers of melody. Mozart conquered, and the powers of the orchestra and instrumental colouring rose triumphant over the ranks of merely sensuous vocalism. His invention and fecundity are marvellous; his melodies at once reach the heart, and his harmonies are invested with all the spirit, grace, and loveliness of vocal composition. In Mozart are combined the Teutonic and Cis-Alpine genius; to the former is he indebted for his wondrous harmonic combinations, to the latter for the suavity of passion, and tenderness of his arias. Doctor Leuchtenthal has published a list of the various works Mozart composed during his too short life. He died at the age of 35, bequeathing to posterity four hundred complete works, and upwards of fifteen hundred pieces of music. His first essay was written when he was six years of age. The *Nozze di Figaro* is in all respects his greatest work, and yet it has never achieved the world-renowned popularity of the *Don Giovanni*. The melodies, we admit, have become the common property of every concert-room from Hanover-square to Mile-end, but it has never succeeded as a grand whole to seize upon the minds and hearts of people. An acute critic has cleverly said that the soul—or rather say the heartlessness—of true comedy, is wanting to *Figaro*—as undeniable as that it is superabundant in the play of Beaumarchais. By a singular misapprehension, too, the *maestro* threw all the mirth which his work contains—that of "Non piu andrai," and "Se vuol ballare," into the only character designed by the French dramatist as serious—we mean Figaro. Susanna, La Contessa, Il Conte, and Cherubino, are all alike in sentimental earnest: hence the monotony in *Le Nozze* to which all the rare beauty and excellent skill displayed in it can never wholly deafen us. This it is, and not the date of the work, which in some measure—let the classicists rail as they will—limits its popula-

rity. If Susanna be sublimed into a heroine, the dramatic truth falls to the ground; if not, Mozart's delicious, pensive melodies suffer.

To review all the pieces of music in which the specific individualities of the several characters are so admirably displayed would occupy more space than our pages would afford; but we cannot suffer the wonderful finale to the first act to pass without testifying our admiration. Nothing can be more perfect than the progress of the action for the purposes of musical effect. The appearance of each fresh character affords new means of exhibiting the fecundity of the author's invention, when the old ones are "used up;" *ex grā*.—after the scene with the Count and Countess, the change of key and of phraseology upon the entrance of Figaro—each movement is entire, clearly developed, full of interest, until all is gradually worked up to the wondrous close. The opera is distinguished by its perfect unity of style and its affluent diversity of character. The performance this season was infinitely beyond the marred attempt of last year. Coletti, who was then, from severe indisposition, placed *hors de combat*, was upon the present revival in excellent voice, and, so far as regards the music, was excellent, although the dramatic delineation of Almaviva was wanting in lightness and grace. It was indeed sombre and heavy, and denuded of the requisite sparkle. Madile Schwartz, who was suffering from illness, failed to produce any effect in the lovely "Non so più cosa son," or the voluptuous "Voi che sapete." Madile Cruvelli, who appeared for the first time as the Countess, looked to the life the injured and forsaken wife; she had a perfect appreciation of the surpassing beauty of the music, but exhibited perhaps too great violence of action. Belletti's Figaro was admirably studied, but lacked force. Lablache renders the character of Bartolo infinitely amusing; and his expression of the truly great song, "La Vendetta," was without parallel on the stage of any theatre. Jenny Lind's Susanna proves her perfect mastery over every school; her conception is original, unfettered by previous delineations, and remarkable for its grace, delicacy, and artistic simplicity. It is in all respects one of the most truthful and most charming of her impersonations. The singing of the serenade in the last act, would alone place her as the most perfect vocalist in Europe. How admirable—and admirable because just—how reflective and musician-like in feeling, is the following analysis of the great qualities which separate her from every other lyrical artist!

"Her ornaments are evidently studies, not improvised; she does even take care to possess a second version of them, in case of an encore—yet they are so original, as well as beautifully executed, that they must have the greatest influence on the future art of singing, and induce new studies, if not a new mechanism. She seems to have practised by the side of a great piano-forte or violin player, and to have borrowed a hint from their books. Her ornaments and passages are of an instrumental character, and such as have hitherto been deemed beyond the capacity of the voice. The foundations of many of them are harmonies; and to her taking a common chord, or chord of the seventh in *arpeggio* descending, anticipating each interval by the semi-tone below, and so rising to the note, it is impossible to imagine a greater marvel of ear or of execution. We believe she is even able, unaccompanied, to modulate chromatically, and to arrive with as great certainty on a required note as a violin. Madile Lind intones diminished sevenths and flat ninths in *arpeggio* with equal rapidity and certainty; and all her cadences, thus full of the enchanting effects of harmony, bespeak the refined and cultivated taste of the instrumental school. With chromatic harmony for the basis of her ornamental passages, her command of novelty and surprise must be unbounded. At present she is a phenomenon of ear and tone, and a practical illustration of the latest discoveries in the powers of the human voice."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The direction has at length, at almost the eleventh hour, redeemed one of the great pledges of their programme, by the production of Meyerbeer's great work of *Les Huguenots*. The opera was produced under the most brilliant auspices, and the royal patronage was a befitting compliment to the genius of the composer. The state visit shed a splendour around its production that gave it an added *prestige*, independently of the worthy fame it had already achieved. It is said that, upon its original production, at the Académie Royale de Musique, six months were devoted to its rehearsals, and that even at the valedictory one Meyerbeer expressed his regret at its incomplete state. At the Royal Italian Opera only fourteen days were afforded to the music, groupings, scenery, &c.; and considering the generally admirable manner in which it was in all respects rendered, it reflects very great credit on all concerned. The *libretto* of *The Huguenots* is of a peculiar nature, and is essentially more melodramatic than lyrical; the individual passion is

is rather the exception than the rule, and the emotions are interpreted rather by the choral masses than by the aid of personal emotions. The purely historical is better adapted for poetical exposition than lyrical interpretation; for the latter, a broad and simple story is more appropriate than political and religious antagonism, the strife and hurly-burly of military or ecclesiastical partisanship. M. Scribe has, however, very skilfully adopted the views and intentions of Meyerbeer, whose ruling genius rather tends to grand combinations of sound than to the invention of melody, though in the latter he is not barren. The idea of the massacre of Bartholomew would not seem to be a very favourable subject either for the composer or the opera *librettist*; but Scribe has worked out the means with his usual theatrical science. For the leading points of the subject he is indebted to Prosper Mérimée's graphic "Chronicles of the Times of Charles the Ninth"; but for the constant juxtaposition of the Catholic and Protestant bands, and their picturesque collisions, and the introduction of the clever scenic combinations, he is alone indebted to his wonderful stage tact and dramatic mechanism. In a purely poetic view there is but little to recommend the book, for the couples are singularly barren of ideas, and the general literary merit is peculiarly bald and common-place. But there is, in despite of these wants, a solemnity and gloom cast athwart the poem that cleverly foreshadows the horrible catastrophe. Even its short moments of gaiety are rather spasmodic than the genial mirth of the contented mind—the laugh is hysterical, and from the first the feeling excited is that produced by the approach of a thunder-charged cloud. The sun may shine for a moment above the horizon, the sky look blue, and all seem cheerful, but the hoarse wind is heard to mutter in the distance, and suddenly all is changed to whirlwind and storm. The gloom is ever before us; the dark Spirit of religious bigotry flaps its blood-red pinions; the faggot, and the stake, and the poisoned chalice, and the sharpened poignard, and the loaded arquebus, and all the fell servitors of civil war loom forth, casting their lurid features athwart the canvass.

The *Huguenots* was first performed in London in 1842, by the German company, when Madame Stöckel Heinefetter sustained the character of Valentine, Madame Lutzer that of Margaret de Valois, and Herr Staudigl the stern old Puritan, Marcel. Upon that occasion the means of the theatre were totally inadequate to its due interpretation, although the chief characters were supported with great excellence. We much doubt whether the part of Marcel has been ever rendered with such dramatic truth or vocal power. Indeed, though the opera was written expressly for the Grand French Opera, the music is *écht Deutsche musik*, and peculiarly adapted to German artists. It was subsequently given with considerable *éclat* by the Belgian troupe in 1845 and 1846, when the leading parts were acted with considerable effect by M. and Madame Laborde and Madame Julian. But all the vast accessories were wanting; and though the true music-lover was charmed, it created but little enthusiasm in the general public.

The celebrated Madame Dudevin thus eloquently writes to Meyerbeer, upon the subject of his *Huguenots*:—"Tell me how, upon a few stanzas of insignificant rhyme, you were able to construct characters of such an individuality, to create beings of the first order, where the author of the *libretto* has placed only accessory personages? Is not your old serving-man—so rude, so intolerant, as faithful to friendship as the Deity itself—in war cruel, contemptuous, irritable—a fanatic in cold blood, and tranquilly sublime in the love of martyrdom—is not he the type of Lutheranism, in the whole extent of its poetical sense, in the whole acceptation of the true ideal—of the artistic real—that is, in all possible perfection? And that tall, dark maiden (Madile Falcon), courageous even to enterprise,—in her passion so disdainful of the world; nay, of death itself, exchanging the fanaticism of Catholicism for the beatitude of Protestant martyrdom—is not she a figure in her energy, in her generosity, worthy a place by the side of Marcel? * * * I defend against the world your last trio—that inimitable scene, broken up and fragmentary, it is true; but because the situation demands it—because you would not have there the *musician's music*, or the *author's music*, but, instead of these, the music of genuine passion and probable action—music where the melody does not strive against the situation, nor insist upon a regular *cavatina* with the regular *coda*—". There is truth and deep appreciation of Meyerbeer's musical genius in the above, though highly coloured, but in the main points we entirely agree; for it should be borne in mind that Meyerbeer had departed from the customary proportions of lyrical works. He had abandoned the two-act form—he intended not merely to develop the loves, and angers, and jealousies, and ambitions, and the various objects that had served the musical purposes of preceding composers, but sought to grapple with the mixed passions of humanity, with the salient points of history—or with the terrible conflicts of the Spirits of Good and Evil—to musically clothe them, and force them to breathe "airs from heaven, or blasts from hell." To fully comprehend these objects, and to follow out their special intentions, require not only a musical devotion, and an ardent love for the divine

art—but there must be the deep passion, and the kindling enthusiasm, and a casting aside the ancient forms, and the square tunes, with their monotonous recurrence of tinkling burthens and sensuous melody. *The Huguenots* must be viewed as a whole—as a mighty musical moving diorama, in which the passing events are gradually unfolded, in which the living actors are evoked before our eyes, only that in lieu of its being the reflection of the brush and the palette, all is reproduced by the combination of harmonious sounds. And in this wondrous power assuredly Meyerbeer stands alone. The orchestra and the chorus are his familiars—with these he effects his marvels.

The plot of this musical tragedy is founded on the massacre of the Protestants in Paris, on the eve of St. Bartholomew. The event took place on the 24th of August, 1572. Catharine de Medici had long determined upon the utter extermination of the Huguenots, and her policy was, by “blowing hot and cold” at the same time, to excite the opposing creeds to jealousy and hatred. To render her object secure, she, by raising religious scruples and political alarms, induced her ignoble son, Charles the Ninth, to become the *primum mobile*. The plan adopted was, to cause a meeting of the Catholic and Protestant leaders at Paris, to be present at the betrothal of Henry the Fourth to Marguerite de Valois. A few days subsequently the onslaught of the Huguenots was perpetrated, Charles himself shooting down his victims by scores from an upper casement in the Palace of the Tuilleries. Upon this hint Scribe prepared his *libretto*; and though, as we have previously remarked, it possesses little poetical power, there is abundant theatrical science exemplified, and great skill in the management of effective and dramatic situations. The contrasts of character have considerable cleverness, and the religious antagonism of the personages are of immense value to the composer. The fine old Lutheran chorale, “Ein fester Burg ist unser Gott,” forming, as it were, the key-stone of the Protestant party, is grandly contrasted with the gorgeous harmonies of the Catholic faith. The story is not without interest, independently even of its horrifying catastrophe. Raoul de Nangis is the symbol of Protestantism, and Valentine the representative of Catholicism. The opera commences at the Castle de Nevers, where are assembled at an orgie several Catholic nobles; Raoul, the Huguenot, who is a favourite with the King, is invited. Here the various guests relate their love passages, and Raoul is pressed to follow the example. He recounts that sauntering near the Chateau d' Amboise, a maiden in a litter had been grossly insulted by some drunken students; that he had rescued her, and put the cravens to flight, but had failed to learn her name, and had never since beheld her. The revellers mock his sentimentality, but are interrupted by the entrance of Marcel, the soldier servant of Raoul. The royal Puritan is shocked to find his master in the “tents of the Amalekites,” and breathes forth his holy indignation in the celebrated hymn of Luther. A page delivers a note to the Count de Nevers, stating that his presence is required by a lady; he refuses to see her; all rush to the casement to discover the fair writer, when Raoul perceives her to be his beautiful *incognita*. The lady, who is betrothed to the Count de Nevers, solicits him to annul the contract. In the meantime Raoul has received a command to wait upon the Queen; the interview takes place, and she there informs him of her project, to unite the Catholics and Huguenots in the bonds of amity, by a marriage between him and Valentine, the daughter of St. Bris, the leader of the Catholic party. The lady is introduced, and Raoul discovers her to be the same he had recently seen in the Chateau of the Count de Nevers. He at once refuses the proffered boon, deeming that he would be dishonoured by the alliance. The Catholics are now unanimous for a general massacre of the Protestants, and meetings are held, and the powers of the Church are called in to inflame the bigotry of the people. The antagonists come into various collisions, but when the Count de Nevers is required to join the dreadful conspiracy he refuses, and thus his marriage with Valentine is impossible. Valentine has overheard the plan of the massacre, and, instigated by her love of Raoul, determines to save him; the *toc-toc* is sounded, she flies with him, and after being united in the midst of the fell carnage, by the faithful Marcel, they meet their deaths amid the general carnage.

Meyerbeer has reflected the various aspects of the story with wonderful skill. It is full of admirable contrasts and musical colouring; every bar proves the great artificer; from the courtly strains in the first scene to the final trio the same deep skill is exhibited. The Lutheran Hymn of Marcel is ever introduced at the precise moment necessary to produce an effect, though perhaps not always with sufficient reason. The chorus of bathers, in the second scene, with the luxurious accompaniment of the bassoons, the *obbligato* passages for the viola in the opening air of Marguerite, and the chorus in E flat for *soprano* voices, upon the entrance of Raoul into the gardens of Chenonceaux, each and all convey the peculiar feeling of the scene. We think but little of the war song of Marcel, “Pif-paff!” it is rugged, certainly, but the accompaniment of the ophecleide and the piccolo, though odd, comes unpleasantly upon the ear. The duet for Marguerite and

Raoul is in all sorts of rhythms, the best portion of which is the *allegro* in 2-4 time. A quartet for male voices has vigour and elevation of style. The *finale* has infinite merit, more especially the *allegro agitato*, and the intermixture of the chorale is strikingly dramatic. The scene of the "Prés-aux-Clercs" is quite marvellous. Here we have an unaccompanied military chorus—a sort of "Rataplan" in B flat—an ancient Litany in G minor—a chorus of the people expressing in turn their horror or their zeal—gipsy musicians singing a *riornella*, and dancing a quaint national dance—and all these, though totally opposed in character and measure, are harmonised into one mass of lyrical effect. The "Curfew" is then chanted; this is a strain of peculiar quaintness and solemnity. A duet for Valentine and Marcel now occurs, which is instrumented with exceeding skill and knowledge of effect. A *septuor* in E major is magnificently voiced, and is full of truth and vigour. And then comes the mingling of the vast multitude, combatting, shrieking, singing—the several groups using their distinguishing *motivs*; this is truly marvellous! The grandest piece in the opera is the "Blessing of the Poignards," for a tenor and two basses, in A flat; this is afterwards repeated in a full chorus of male and female voices, accompanied by the grandest resources of harmony and the mighty power of the orchestra. The *crescendo* is astounding, and the effect of the whole is terrible. After this we have a fine dramatic scene between Raoul and Valentine. The only other subjects of great musical mark are the nuptial benediction of Marcel, in E flat—the ultimate trio—with the mingling of the Catholic chorus, and the distant wailings of the Lutheran hymn.

To note worthily all the surpassing musical effects of this fine work would require a volume of more than ordinary thickness; the few notes we have made will, we trust, afford some faint idea of the colossal magnitude of this great lyrical tragedy.

The acting of Madame Pauline Viardot, as Valentine, may be classed amongst the finest efforts of these latter days—it was a perfect triumph. Mario threw an amount of energy into the character of Raoul that astonished us. Madame Castellan, as Marguerite, sang with great brilliancy. Madame Alboni, as the Page, was in admirable voice, and commanded an encore in a new aria composed expressly for her by Meyerbeer, and Marini has taken a step in advance in public estimation, by his performance of Marcel. The other performers call for no special commendation. The scenery is beautiful, the costumes rich and appropriate, and the *mise en scène* in most instances admirable.

MARYLEBONE THEATRE.

The attempt made by Mrs. Warner to provide the most elevated order of dramatic entertainment, seems to have failed, notwithstanding the exceeding liberality and great care devoted to the getting up of the several plays produced under her management. The Shaksperian plays, and those of Beaumont and Fletcher, the comedies of Sheridan and Colman essayed, with all means and appliances, though did not either remunerate the management or fill the treasury. The present design is to take a lower step in the theatrical ladder—domestic dramas and broad farce, parlour pathos and splitting laughter are to become the ruling material. Considering the confined size of the house and the limits of the theatre, the "Marylebone," is better adapted to the present than the former system—extended space and a large scene we think material for the due representation of the tragic muse; and we therefore judge that the present style of pieces are more likely to prove profitable than the more poetical drama. The theatre has opened under the management of Mr. Watts, and would seem to possess the elements of success, for a capital company has been secured, amongst which is the quaint Mr. Keeley, and the clever Mrs. Keeley—a drama in themselves—and these are admirably supported. The season commenced with a drama, called *Lucille*, in which Mrs. Keeley won great honours some years since at the Lyceum Theatre. Her acting in this character is full of true pathos, and there are some telling situations, and excellent dramatic effects. The dialogue is neatly written, and the scenery and various accessories beyond all praise. Mr. Keeley appeared in a pair of his most comical characters—nothing can be more ludicrous than his acting in *The Thumping Legacy*; or amusing than the feeling of Bobadilism in *The Post of Honour*. The theatre has been newly decorated, and is now one of the prettiest in the Metropolis.

STRAND THEATRE.

The celebrated vocalist, Mr. Henry Russell, has been attracting crowded audiences during the last week. This gentleman has started upon a very original system, and if we may view its importance by its popularity, and judge its value by the enthusiasm it excites, there can be no question that it has already effected much good, and will be productive of still wider benefit. The idea of appealing to the better feelings of the "million" by means of songs for the people affords ample subject for deep reflection. Vocal sounds are infinitely more agreeable than the reports of musketry, and beating

time more pleasurable than breaking heads. We greatly prefer musical staves to specials' staffs, and listen with more delight to the notes of Kirkman's pianofortes than to the hoped-for *tocsin* of the Chartists. The selection of songs are admirable both in subject and melody—indeed, each forms a dramatic scene of intensity and pathos, artistically worked out. Henry Russell must be deemed rather a musical orator, or a dramatic lyrist, than a mere vocalist, in the generally-accepted sense of the word, for in almost every instance the mere tune is made subservient to the truthfulness of the expression, and the inner sense of the poetry. "The Ship on Fire," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Pauper's Burial," "The Maniac," &c., &c., are really tragical efforts, appealing to the deepest sympathies of the human heart—eliciting what Aristotle in his "Poetics" deems the true elements of tragedy, pity, and terror. "There's a good time coming," is full of aspirations of political improvement, and the new song, "The World is on the Move," is instinct with benevolent sentiments which, if fulfilled, would indeed make our work-a-day world a "pleasant garden, full of fair fruits." The songs are vigorously written, and the airs and the accompaniments stamp Henry Russell as an original composer and an accomplished pianist. The *encores* are numerous, and the applause enthusiastic.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The continual accumulation thickening the stores of human knowledge is so vast that without some such institutions as the above we should risk being less informed than our fathers; and stand, like Tantalus, unsatisfied in the midst of plenty. A life-time would not enable us to wade through a hundredth part of the works existing upon science, mechanics, and the other wonders of creation. To see, learn, and judge for ourselves, would involve an amount of trouble, time, and expense no one could encounter, and we should be debarred from gathering in the interminable arcanae of learning more than now and then a gem; here and there a flower. Happily, however, the enterprise and intellect of the age have produced a remedy for these evils and entered upon a race with steam and electricity in the reduction, as it were, of time and space by the establishment of an institution where all that is useful, beautiful, and marvellous, is brought from the four quarters of the globe into one focus, and where the treasures of knowledge culminate into one point; where, in fact, the eye gathers the products of distance at a glance, and the ear reaps the garners of time at a word. These gratifying considerations were suggested to us by a visit to the Royal Polytechnic Institution during the past week. On the moment of entrance the mind is struck with wonder, and we can appreciate the awe with which the laboratories of old filled spectators who believed their utensils to be the implements of magic. Within the arena of four walls we see every useful and curious calling on earth carried on before us. Printing, weaving, smiths' work, navigation, and a thousand lighter employments are going on with one incessant sound and one unceasing motion. The apparent confusion confounds at first, but the system and order to which it is reduced afterwards amazes. To attempt detail would be to write a catalogue: suffice it that there are specimens of every effort of the human mind and of human ingenuity placed in array before us, simply and intelligibly in company with the marvels of creation and of nature. The orrery and galvanic battery (unequalled in magnitude and power) give their revelations of the seen and invisible world. A miniature ocean of real water affords scope for the display of all the movements of steam and other shipping. A full-sized diving-bell in actual operation presents to us the most interesting of the series of sub-marine experiments to which moderns are so much indebted. A display of chemical experiments unfolds to us the secrets of production and re-production, whilst an amusing course of optical delusions teaches us the true nature of apparitions and other phantasma which have hitherto passed for magic. Steam and electricity pervade the building; railroads fit for fairy-land are constructed round the apartment, and trains exquisitely modelled traverse them with rapid speed and the most beautiful accuracy, ascending and descending inclined planes, as if in defiance of the laws of gravitation, by the aid of Gallaway's apparatus and Bishop's railway breaks. The microscope, aided by the luminous lectures of Bachofchner, makes us acquainted with the universality of life in all things, and with much curious information on experimental philosophy; whilst music adds its charms to the entire scene, and gives a finish to the most wonderful and beautiful exhibition in this country. We should trespass too much upon our limits to attempt even the most condensed report of the various lectures; themselves the condensation of many volumes, they would not bear curtailment and must be heard to be appreciated. The dissolving views and chromatropes are beautiful in the extreme, and whether the visitor be child or sage all must be equally delighted. We cannot conclude without recommending all our readers to visit this place of wonders, where every effort appears to have been made to instruct the mind, correct the heart, and delight the imagination.

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS OF ENGLAND.

THE analogies of history form the best commentaries on the past, and the best guides for the future; for where an oft-repeated course has been with little variation productive of an oft-repeated result, we may feel tolerably sure of the moral or evil tendency of such courses, and ought to shape our encouragement of them accordingly. We make these remarks on entering upon that feature of THE UNITED KINGDOM MAGAZINE (now blended with THE MIRROR, at its popular price of One Shilling), relative to the Literary and Scientific Institutions of Great Britain, which, springing from similar institutions of by-gone ages, hold high promise for the future welfare of the State. In presenting the reader with a corrected list, we cannot forbear remarking that decidedly the most important societies in Great Britain are those constituting her LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS; a class of establishment that has grown up within the last twenty-five years; owing its birth to Dr. Birkbeck, and its spread to the fostering patronage of Lord Brougham. Our LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS are the irresponsible colleges of the nation, in which our young men indulge in reading, and pursue knowledge under no constraint, save taste and inclination. If indolent, they may eschew the fatigue of learning altogether, and if dull they have no reproof to fear. Hence it becomes an important duty to watch the development of a crowd of systems with so extensive a social influence. Our pages will form a medium for an extent of intelligence that would occupy at least half-a-dozen corresponding secretaries in each institution to communicate and acquire; and, in the noble race of emulation, the competitors will be thus enabled to trace each other's progress, and borrow improvement from each other's plans. To this end we have chalked out the following course:—We commence by furnishing a list of the London Institutions, and a few of the provincial ones. The latter will be continued from month to month, until a perfect directory be completed of all the Institutions throughout the empire. Accompanying this will be furnished an occasional record, when necessary, of all interesting proceedings connected with each institution. To which end we INVITE THE SECRETARY OF EACH LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM TO FURNISH US BY THE 18TH OF EACH MONTH WITH EVERY NECESSARY PARTICULAR. By this means publicity will be given to every meritorious step adopted towards the advancement of knowledge, and the great objects of the various foundations be materially aided.

METROPOLITAN AND SUBURBAN LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, 12, Haymarket. President, Marquis of Northampton. Hon. Secs., Albert Way and Chas. Newton, Esqrs.

BEAUMONT PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION, 32 to 37, Beaumont-square, Mile-end. Librarian, Mr. W. Passmore.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, 20, Bedford-street, Covent-garden. Secretary, Mr. George Edgar Denne.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, 4, York-street, Covent-garden. Secretaries, T. Crofton Croker, Esq., and Charles R. Smith, Esq.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. John Taylor, F.R.S., Treasurer.

BRITISH INSTITUTE, 52, Pall-mall. George Nicol, Secretary.

CADOGAN READING ROOMS, Botanic Gardens, Sloane-street, Chelsea. Mr. S. Tuck, Secretary.

CAMDEN SOCIETY, 25, Parliament-street. Wm. J. Thoms, Esq., Secretary.
CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 165, Aldersgate-street. Mr. George Stacey, Secretary.

CITY OF LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, 3, Gould-square, City. Mr. John Robinson, Secretary.

CROSBY HALL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 32, Bishopsgate Within. Mr. Samuel Read, Secretary.

GENERAL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, John-street, Fitzroy-square. Amongst the various uses of this Institution (to quote from the prospectus), "Lectures and Discussions on Science, Literature, the Fine Arts, Morals, Political Economy, and all other subjects that are strictly legal and moral; Classes, News-room, Library, &c." The Secretary is Mr. E. Truelove.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Somerset House. President, Leonard Horner, F.R.S., W. J. Hamilton, M.P., and John Carrick Moore, Secretaries. Sir H. T. De la Beche, F.R.S. and L.S., Foreign Secretary.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. President, Duke of Devonshire. Secretary, J. R. Gow, Esq.

HUNTERIAN SOCIETY, 4, Bloomfield-street, Finsbury. E. L. Birkett, M.D., and S. H. Ward, M.D., Secretaries.

ISLINGTON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, Wellington-street, Upper-street, Islington. Josiah Wilkinson, Esq., Hon. Secretary.

LINNEAN SOCIETY, 32, Soho-square. President, Bishop of Norwich; Secretary, J. J. Bennett, Esq.

LITERARY POLISH ASSOCIATION, 10, Duke-street, St. James's. Lieut. Chas. Szulejowski, Secretary.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 7, Camberwell-grove. Secretary, W. H. Thompson, Esq.

LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury-circus. W. Tite, Esq., Secretary.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, 29, Southampton-buildings. Secretary, A. Macfarlane, Esq.

LONDON ELOCUTIONARY INSTITUTE, King's-cross.—Committee of management: Messrs. E. N. Hudson; J. E. Murray, P. H. Hatch, H. Sanders. Treasurer, Mr. Charles Massey; Secretary, Mr. Edward Massey. The objects of this institute are to promote the study and practice of oratory and the drama by means of lectures, dramatic readings, histrionic performances, and professional instruction in the art of elocution.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 17, Edward-street, Portman-market. Mr. J. Thomas, Secretary.

MARYLEBONE AND PADDINGTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, 65, Great Carlisle-street, Portman-market. Mr. George Hammond, Secretary.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY, Sackville-street. F. Barham, Esq., and John Pool, Esq., Secretary.

POPLAR LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 67½, Poplar High-street. Mr. T. Bowkett, Secretary.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, 4, St. Martin's-place. Rev. R. Cattermole, Secretary.

RUSSELL INSTITUTION. Patron, Duke of Bedford; President, Lord John Russell. E. W. Brayley, F.S.A., Secretary.

SOUTHWARK LITERARY INSTITUTION, Borough-road. The veteran in the cause of diffused literature, the schoolmaster of the age, Lord Brougham, is the patron of this association; which offers to its members even more than the usual advantages, at terms almost unparalleled. The library numbers more than 5,000 volumes. Altogether the arrangements of this institution are well worthy study and imitation. Librarian, Mr. B. Wheatland; Thomas Martin, Hon. Sec.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, Whitehall-yard. H. Downs, R.N., Hon. Director.

VAUXHALL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—Temporary Rooms, No. 13, Belmont-terrace, Wandsworth-road.—This institution has been formed with a view to throw open to classes which have hitherto been debarred from their enjoyment, facilities for moral and intellectual education, social

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intercourse, and rational amusement, which are the most attractive characteristics of civilisation; but which, in the absence of individual wealth, can only be commanded by associated numbers. All persons above the age of sixteen years are eligible to be elected members (ladies and gentlemen), and every member above the age of twenty-one years is entitled to vote in the management, and likewise eligible for election to the general committee. The members elect from their own body a committee, consisting of not more than eighteen, in whom is placed the entire management of the institution. Mr. J. Tomlinson, jun., is the Secretary, *pro tem.*

WALWORTH LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, No. 21, Manor-place. This admirable institution, established in 1845, has lately added to its advantages a new and commodious lecture-hall, erected in the Lorimer-road, Carter-street. Among its interesting and amusing objects, are the establishment of a well-supplied reading and news-room, a library, a chess-room, classes, and lectures; also occasional concerts, conducted upon a most liberal scale. We know of no society more deserving staunch patrons; it is a boon to the neighbourhood, and indeed offers attraction to all within a reachable distance. The institution is fortunate in having the assistance of Mr. J. S. Noldwrit as Honorary Secretary.

WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION, 47, Leicester-square. J. Drysdale Malcolm, Esq., Secretary.

WESTMINSTER (CITY OF) LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, Great Smith-street. This association, boasting H.R.H. Prince Albert for patron, (Rt. Hon. C. Shaw Lefevre, President), affords far more advantages than the majority of its brethren. The reading-room is supplied with ten daily and five weekly newspapers, besides the principal periodicals; the library contains upwards of 4,000 volumes; the lectures are of a popular character, and the classes (open to members without extra charge), numerous and well-conducted. The Secretary is Mr. W. H. J. Tracey.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 11, Hanover-square. President, Earl of Derby; Secretary, Wm. Ogilby, Esq.

PROVINCIAL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.

BRIGHTON ATHENAEUM, West-street.—Established 1846, for the purpose of affording to persons engaged in professional and commercial pursuits the means of moral and mental advancement. President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Chichester. The number of members is 800. Lectures are delivered, and there is a library, a reading-room, supplied with the daily and monthly papers, and periodicals. Classes are formed for instruction in drawing, mathematics, and the French and German languages, vocal music, and elocution.—Wilson A. Stuckey and Alfred Cobbett, Hon. Secs.

BRADFORD MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—This society, established sixteen years, and with similar objects to the one just named, has steadily extended the sphere of its usefulness, until it numbers nearly a thousand members. This fact alone bears the strongest testimony to the good government of its rulers, and the energy of its two Honorary Secretaries, Mr. Joseph Farrar and Mr. John Dale.

BEVERLEY AND EAST RIDING MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The progress of this institution, during the fifteen years of its existence, is of a most gratifying character, particularly as regards the last year, during which it has gained no less than 123 new adherents. Its objects are to extend and diffuse knowledge by means of classes, lectures, a well-selected library, and the formation of a museum. It is under exceedingly careful management, and receives zealous service from the two Hon. Secretaries, Mr. Joseph Hind and Mr. William Wynn.

BICESTER (OXON.).—No institution here, but Hewitt's News-rooms supplies the deficiency.

BERKSHIRE.—Reading, Mechanics' Institution; secretary, B. Cowderoy, Esq.

BODMIN LITERARY INSTITUTION (near the Assize Hall).—Secretary, Mr. J. T. R. Veall; Librarian, Mr. Samuel Drew; Treasurer, Mr. Benjamin Balkwill; President, T. J. Agar Robertes, Esq., M.P., Lannydrock.

BOSTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, and in connection with it a "Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society," both situated in Petticoat-lane. Secretary, J. Hunt, Esq.

CHELTENHAM LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION. Established 1832.—This important institution, boasting of very high patronage, has latterly had to combat against a very powerful opposition to the liberal course of its council. The report for the past year, however, shows an advancing instead of retrograde movement, and proves it to be in a more flourishing position than at any previous period, there being, after the pay-

ment of current expenses (which have hitherto never been met), a balance in the treasurer's hands. There now appears every prospect of the institution becoming still more popular and efficient. The indefatigable Hon. Sec. is Mr. Thomas Williams.

CREWE (CHESHIRE).—**MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.**—A young but flourishing institution exists here, numbering about 160 members, possessed of several class-rooms, a spacious news-room, and commodious lecture-hall. The news-room is well supplied with periodicals and the leading newspapers of the day. In fact, it is quite refreshing to find such an institution in a town that has had so short an existence, and is still of such limited extent. The members have lately been gratified by a series of four lectures on the history, minstrelsy, maneres, and customs of Scotland, with vocal illustrations, by the celebrated Mr. John Sherer, of London. Besides the above, two detached Lectures on the General Minstrelsy of Scotland, with select illustrations, were given.

CHESHIRE.—Crewe, a valuable Mechanics' Institute; Mr. J. G. Davis, secretary. Macclesfield, Mechanics' Institute.

CORNWALL.—Truro, Athenaeum; secretary, Mr. Davies; and a Mechanics' Institute. Bodmin, Mechanics' Institution; secretary, H. Mudge, Esq., surgeon. St. Austell, Mechanics' Institution. Wadebridge, Mechanics' Institution; secretary, W. Norway, Esq. Redruth, Mechanics' Institution. Camborne, Mechanics' Institution. Hayle, Mechanics' Institution. Penzance, Mechanics' Institution. Torpoint, Mechanics' Institution.

CROYDON LITERARY INSTITUTION.—It is situated at the foot of Crown-hill, Croydon, and it has a library of nearly 3,000 vols.; also a commodious reading-room and lecture-hall. Mr. Thomas Weller, Sec.

DEVONSHIRE.—Devonport. An excellent Mechanics' Institution is established here, of which Mr. Smith is secretary; also, a Civil and Military Library. Stonehouse, Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institution. Plymouth, Athenaeum, and a good Mechanics' Institute, of which Mr. Kerswell is secretary; a Public Library, and a Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institution. Falmouth, Mechanics' Institute, and Athenaeum. Totnes, Mechanics' Institution. Tavistock, Mechanics' Institute. Exeter, Athenaeum; secretary, W. J. Fox, Esq., dentist, Southernhay; and a Literary and Scientific Institute. Modbury, Mechanics' Institution. Torquay, Mechanics' Institute. Tavistock, Mechanics' Institution.

DERBYSHIRE.—Derby, a good Mechanics' Institution, of which J. Walker, Esq., is secretary.

DARLINGTON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—(Established 1840) has made great progress in carrying out the objects for which it was designed. It possesses a very fair library, and the classes are successfully conducted. Lectures have been added to its previous advantages, and altogether its prospects are very cheering. Mr. H. Dunn, Hon. Sec.

DUBLIN (The Public Library of Dublin), usually designated Primate Marsh's Library, St. Patrick's-street, Dublin. Founded A.D. 1694. Incorporated in the 6th of Queen Anne, 30th October, A.D. 1707. Governors and trustees, the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin; Lord Chancellor of Ireland; Chief Justices of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas; Chief Baron of the Exchequer; Deans of St. Patrick's and of Christ Church, Dublin; and the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Librarian, Rev. Thomas Cradock, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin. Assistant Librarian, Robert Travers, M.B., of Trinity College, Dublin. The regulations of the reading-room are similar to those of the British Museum, London. Persons engaged in literary inquiries will receive every assistance that the librarians may be able to afford. The library is open from eleven to three o'clock every day, except the Lord's-day, and during vacation. Entrance in the South close, adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral.

DUBLIN (Library Society), founded in 1791.—Possesses a good collection of books, principally modern. Subscription, one guinea, annually.

EXETER LITERARY SOCIETY, Athenaeum, Exeter.—F. Channon, Esq., Sec.

FARNHAM MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—This well-regulated and well-constituted institution, established for similar purposes to those already named, boasts able lecturers and as zealous patrons. Its programme of lectures for the season invited full audiences by the variety and usefulness of the subjects selected. Its active Hon. Sec. is Mr. J. Lewcock.

FOLKESTONE HARVEIAN LITERARY INSTITUTION.—(Established 1846).—The progress of this institution during the two years which it has been established has been of a character to highly gratify its projectors, to whom all honour is due. Its objects are the formation of classes, a library, and lectures, to which an attempt is being made to add a museum. Hon. Sec. Mr. R. W. Boarer.

Gloucestershire.—Gloucester, a good Literary and Scientific Institution, of which J. H. Brown, Esq., is secretary. Cheltenham, a very useful Literary and Philosophical Institution; — Williams, Esq., sec.—Both these are in a flourishing condition.

Guildford Literary Scientific Institution.—Secretary, Mr. E. W. Martin.

Glamorganshire.—Swansea, Royal Institution; Dr. Nicol, secretary.

Hastings Literary and Scientific Institution, George-st., (Established 1832).—This institution, now of respectable age, has many claims upon the inhabitants and visitors of this delightful watering-place. The library is extensive and well selected. There is a museum, with many good specimens, and beautiful anatomical specimens, lent by Dr. Cooke; the classes are well conducted, and the lectures embrace all subjects of instruction and amusement. The able Hon. Sec. is J. Phillips, Esq.

Hastings and St. Leonard's Mechanics' Institution, High-st. Hastings.—Sec., John Banks, Esq.

Hull Athenæum.—To the useful advantages of literary associations this society adds those of a chess club and gymnasium. It is much frequented. The Hon. Secs. are C. G. Roberts, Esq., and W. B. Smith, Esq.

Hull Mechanics' Institute, George-street.—Secretaries, Mr. W. Munday, jun., and Mr. R. Peach. There is also a subscription library in Parliament-street, and the Exchange has news-rooms.

Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, Kingston-square.—The object of the society is the promotion of literature, science, and the arts, by public lectures, reading essays, by literary and philosophical conversations, collecting books and philosophical apparatus, and the formation of a museum. The institution progresses very satisfactorily. The Hon. Secs., are Robert Wells, Esq., and James Dossor, Esq.; Mr. T. J. Pearsall being Assistant Secretary and Curator.

Herefordshire.—Hereford, Mechanics' Institute; Mr. R. Nash, honorary secretary; and a Philosophical and Literary Society, Broad-street. Ledbury, Mechanics' Institution; secretary, J. Burden, Esq. Ludlow, Literary and Scientific Institute; Mr. G. Cocking, chemist, secretary. Ross, Mechanics' Institute.

Hampshire.—Portsmouth, Athenæum; H. Lewis, Esq., secretary. Newport, Isle of Wight, Mechanics' Institution; J. G. Whitecombe, Esq., secretary.

Ipswich Literary Institution consists merely of a news-room and library, to which has hitherto been appended a small museum, about to be transferred to the new Ipswich Museum. There are no lectures. The society consists of 150 members, of whom 80 are shareholders. The librarian is Mr. Levitte.

Liverpool Collegiate Institute.—Mr. Jones, Secretary.

Lancashire.—Liverpool. An important Collegiate Institution; secretary, Mr. J. G. Jones. Mechanics' Institution; — Hogg, Esq., secretary.—The largest Institution in the kingdom, so far as numbers go. Manchester, Royal Institution; secretary, — Ormrod, Esq.; the Athenæum; — Langley, Esq., secretary; and Mechanics' Institute; D. Stone, Esq., jun., secretary. Preston, Literary and Philosophical Institution; secretary, John Rolfe, Esq.; and Mechanics' Institute. Warrington, Mechanics' Institute; secretary, W. Robson, Esq., H.S.

There are also Institutions in the following places:—Birkenhead, Lancaster, Chorley, Burnley, Clitheroe, Blackburn, Bolton, Bury, Rochdale, Oldham, Ashton, Stockport, Prescot, Leigh, Wigan, St. Helen's, Miles Platting, near Manchester, Moseley, Bacup, Fleetwood.

Langport.—No institution, but “the Town Reading-rooms” answer the purpose, being managed by a committee of members, in a room built for the purpose in the Town Hall. Secretary, Mr. Woodward.

Manchester.—The Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society here was instituted in 1781. It is situated in George-street. Secretary, Edward Wm. Benney, Esq.

The Chetham Library; secretary, Thomas Jones, Esq., B.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, librarian. The Chetham Library was founded by Humphrey Chetham, Esq., in the reign of Charles II., and the feoffees were incorporated by a royal charter in the year 1665. It contains about 20,000 volumes, and is the only public library in the North of England worthy of mention. To the clergy, and to students of the more learned class, it supplies access to books of the highest order; whilst it is in the fullest sense public, being open to all, whether strangers or residents, who choose to avail themselves of its resources. It is particularly rich in works on the following subjects:—Mathematics and Physics; Physics continued, Arts and Manufactures; Metaphysics,

Theology, and Ecclesiastical History; Moral and Political Philosophy, including Jurisprudence and Political Economy, &c.; History, Antiquities, Genealogy, &c.; Literature, Philology, Bibliography, Literary History, including Reviews; National Literature, Ancient and Modern, including Commentators; Fine Arts; Universal and Miscellaneous Knowledge, including Encyclopedias, Transactions of Societies, and Reviews. A voluminous catalogue is being prepared for publication by the learned secretary.

The Manchester Royal Institution, situate in Mosley-street, was established in 1823. Its objects are the promotion of literature, science, and the fine arts, by forming a collection of models in sculpture and painting, by encouraging meritorious artists, and by the delivery of popular lectures. There is an exhibition of paintings by modern artists yearly. To the lectures, only the governors with their families, and annual subscribers, are admitted. Conversazioni are held fortnightly during the winter, for the discussion of literary and scientific topics. There are three honorary professorships connected with the institution: Anatomy and Physiology, Poetry, and Chemistry. Patroness, Her Majesty the Queen; President, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.; Honorary Secretary, G. W. Ormerod, M.A., F.G.S.

The Manchester Athenaeum, situate in Bond-street, was established 1835, for affording a suitable resort for reading the public prints, attending lectures, &c. There are connected with it a spacious news-room, library, essay, and discussion class, gymnasium, chess, fencing, and cricket clubs, and classes for music and the French and German languages. The news-room is supplied with most of the principal papers of Great Britain and several foreign nations. The library contains about 15,000 volumes. There is held annually a grand *soirée* of the members, at which many of the most eminent gentlemen of Great Britain attend. Secretary, Mr. J. Baxter Langley; librarian, Mr. R. Burge.

The Manchester Mechanics' Institution, situate in Cooper-street, numbers 2,000 members; one of the oldest and most important of its kind in the kingdom. Established in 1824. It has a library of about 13,000 volumes, and a reading and news-room well supplied with papers, &c. It embraces an essay and discussion class, and evening classes for instruction in languages, and in various departments of art and science. Lectures are given twice a week in its theatre, and concerts furnished weekly during a considerable part of the year. President, James Aspinall Turner, Esq. The indefatigable managing director, Mr. Daniel Stone, jun.

The Salford Literary and Mechanics' Institution. Established 1838. It has a library of about 3,000 volumes, occasional lectures, a news-room, an essay and discussion society, and day and evening schools. President, Daniel Maude, Esq.; honorary secretary, Mr. A. Turner; managing director, Mr. R. Hyde.

The Ancoats Lyceum was established in the year 1838. It comprises a library of 3,000 volumes, and a news-room regularly supplied with London and local newspapers, and lectures gratuitously given by qualified gentlemen during the winter season. It is chiefly supported by the working classes.

The Miles Platting Mechanics' Institution was established 1836. The commodious building occupied by it was erected and furnished at the expense of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart. It supplies the place both of a mechanics' institution and a day school.

MAIDSTONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION, established 1846, for the purpose of diffusing literature and science, particularly among shopmen and mechanics, by a reading-room, library, and occasional lectures. Its successful working is amply merited. The Hon. Secs. are F. Plomley, M.D., F.L.S., and G. Reader, Esq.

The indefatigable Dr. Plomley, one of the hon. secretaries to the last-named institution, is busily engaged in forming a new society, under the title of "The Kent Natural History Society and Museum," held at All Saints' College, Maidstone. It boasts very high patronage, and its objects are the promotion of the study of natural history in all its branches, by collecting and describing the natural history of the county.

MARCH (Cambridgeshire) MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, High-street.—It provides a reading-room and circulating library for its members. John Worder, Esq. Hon. Sec.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE—Nottingham, an excellent Mechanics' Institute; secretary, Rev. B. Carpenter, Park, Nottingham.

NEWPORT (Isle of Wight) LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, Lugley-street, Newport. Established 1847.—The object of this institution is the promotion of general and useful knowledge amongst its members, by means of a library and reading-room, the formation of classes, lectures, the providing philosophical apparatus, and forming a collection of specimens in natural history, &c. The society, notwithstanding its

juvenility, has made considerable progress, aided by the care and attention of its secretary, Mr. J. J. Glenister.

OXFORD—Sir Robert Taylor's Institution.—This admirable institution, consisting of library, lecture-rooms, &c., was “Erected for the purpose of establishing a foundation for improving the European language, in such a manner as should from time to time be approved by the Chancellor of the University of Oxford and scholars in convocation assembled.” The urbane and intelligent librarian, John Mackray, Esq., combines the duties of secretary with that position.

OXFORDSHIRE.—Oxford, Literary Institute; secretary, J. Plowman, Esq.

PORTSMOUTH, PORTSEA, AND GOSPORT ATHENÆUM AND MECHANICS' INSTITUTION, Bishop-street, Portsea.—Number of members, 300. Lectures weekly during the winter. Library of 1,100 vols. Mr. Henry Lewis, Secretary.

PETWORTH LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—Established 1837, with the design of instructing its members in science and general knowledge by the same means as those above recorded. During the last two months the number of members has materially increased, a sure sign that the objects are worthily carried out. The society has the able assistance of Mr. F. G. Morgan, who unites the functions of secretary, librarian, and curator.

RICHMOND (New) YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—Locality, Pendleton, Manchester. Objects: to afford the members facilities for reading essays or selected publications, and for treating and holding conversations on such subjects as are calculated to afford friendly intercourse and general mental improvement. Although composed chiefly of young men, yet there are several seniors connected with it, who assist considerably in its superintendence, and it is now in a favourable condition. Mr. W. K. Statham, secretary.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—Bristol, Athenæum; secretary, Rev. J. E. Bromly; and The Philosophical Institute, Park-street.—There are one or two Institutions in Bath, one in Taunton, and one in some others of the smaller towns in this county, but they are far from being in a flourishing state.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—Stafford, Mechanics' Institute; Mr. W. Ward, jun., secretary. Wolverhampton, Athenæum; secretary, Mr. W. S. Darkin. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Literary and Scientific Institute; secretary, Mr. Fred. Crewe, bookseller, Hanley, Mechanics' Institute; Mr. S. Taylor, secretary. Stoke, Athenæum; Mr. D. Dean, secretary. Leek, Mechanics' Institute; Mr. Henry Brough, secretary.—Stafford, Wolverhampton, and Leek are the most flourishing of these.

SHROPSHIRE.—Shrewsbury, Mechanics' Institute; secretary, Mr. F. Davis, optician. Bridgnorth, Mechanics' Institution.

SUFFOLK.—Mechanics' Institution; secretary, Mr. Lawrence. ^{Auditor} **SEVEN OAKS** boasts no literary and scientific institution, but its wants are, as far as possible, supplied by the reading-rooms of Mr. James Payne, fifteen years a resident in the town. It is much resorted to both by inhabitants and visitors, the library being carefully and judiciously selected.

TAVISTOCK LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—President, His Grace the Duke of Bedford; Vice-President, Earl Fortescue; Treasurer, J. Rundle, Esq.; Secretary, Mr. Luxton. Lectures delivered in a room adjoining the library.

TEIGNMOUTH USEFUL KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY.—Established on the 24th of January last, with the object of forming a general medium for the spread of knowledge, by means of a library, lectures, and discussions. It already numbers nearly 90 members, and has the appearance of prospering and increasing. During the month of March Miss Georgiana Bennett lectured on the female poets of our land, and Mr. Walker, M.D., upon the anatomy and physiology of the eye. The pains-taking secretary is Mr. Matterface.

WREXHAM LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—Established for the mental recreation and improvement of the inhabitants. Temporary reading, news, and class-rooms, Bank-street, Wrexham. Members have the option of attending any or all of the classes in course of formation or of passing their evenings at the reading-room in the perusal of the books, newspapers, &c.

WALTHAM HOLY CROSS (Essex) LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—Circulates periodicals among its members—has a reading-room. Lectures delivered every fortnight during the winter half of the year on useful and interesting subjects, and open to all the inhabitants of the place. Secretary, Mr. John Brain.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Warwick, Athenæum; secretary, Fred. Enoch, Esq.; a News-room, J. Goodhall, Esq., secretary; and the Warwick Library, W. G. Perry, Esq.,

librarian. Stratford-on-Avon, Literary and Scientific Institution; Thomas Thomson, Esq., president. Birmingham, Polytechnic Institution; secretary, Mr. C. Evans; The Philosophical Institution, John Percy, Esq., secretary.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—Worcester, Literary and Scientific Institute; secretary, Mr. Maurice Davis. Stourbridge, Mechanics' Institution; G. W. Gibson, Esq., secretary. West Bromwich, Literary and Scientific Institution; Mr. J. Cooksay, sec.

WILTSHIRE.—Swindon, Mechanics' Institution.

WALES—MONMOUTHSHIRE.—Newport, a good Mechanics' Institution; Mr. J. Jenkins, chemist, secretary. Monmouth, a small Reading Society; secretary, Mr. Benton M. Watkins.

YORK INSTITUTE OF POPULAR SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.—Objects: the instruction of its members in the various departments of useful knowledge, and the cultivation of their tastes, by aid of a library of reference, circulating library, reading and news-rooms, popular lectures on scientific and literary subjects, evening classes, occasional exhibitions of works of nature and art, occasional concerts, and evening meetings for social intercourse, *soirées*, &c. This excellent institution boast of 621 members and two Hon. Secretaries, Mr. John H. Fox and Mr. G. B. Dolley.

YORKSHIRE.—Leeds, a good Mechanics' Institute and Literary Society; also, a Philosophical Hall; secretary, Mr. Henry Denny. Hull, Literary and Philosophical Society; A. J. Pearsall, Esq., secretary. Wakefield, a valuable Mechanics' Institute. Bradford, a good Mechanics' Institute. Darlington, a small but very valuable Mechanics' Institution. Sheffield, a very fair Mechanics' Institute. York, Mechanics' Institute. Huddersfield, Mechanics' Institute. Halifax, Mechanics' Institute. Stockton, Mechanics' Institution.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Consisting of places containing Institutions of which we are at present without information. We shall be happy to hear from the Secretaries of each.—[It will be seen that in many instances we have not yet been favoured with the names of gentlemen officiating in the capacity of Secretary]:—Devonport—Civil and Military Library. Stonehouse, Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institution. Plymouth—Athenaeum, the Mechanics' Institute, the Public Library, and the Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institution. Truro (two institutions), Mechanics' and Athenaeum. Falmouth (two institutions), Mechanics' and Athenaeum. Totnes, Mechanics' Institute. Exeter, Literary and Scientific Institution, and the Athenaeum. Modbury, Mechanics' Institute. Torquay, Mechanics' Institute. Tavistock, Mechanics' Institution.